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GEMS OF THOUGHT,
ETC.

Wm. H. West

GEMS OF THOUGHT

AND

FLOWERS OF FANCY.

EDITED BY

RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.

“I HAVE LONG WANDERED IN THE GARDEN OF GENIUS,
PLUCKING STRAY FLOWERS. HERE ARE SOME OF THE
CHOICEST.”

SYLVAN.

LONDON:

PARTRIDGE AND OAKLEY.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE long wished to have all my favourite poems in one book, so that I could lay my hand upon them without trouble or disappointment when, like York, they happened to be wanted. I also desired to bring together the good short poems of Lancashire, and its borders. Both of these plans had serious drawbacks. The first, I found, would make a book too much like other collections ; and the second, would be of too local a character for a general publisher to bring out : so I have amalgamated the two, in about equal proportions. This design will require two volumes ; the first of which is now placed before the reader : its companion is in preparation, and will be issued shortly, under a new title.

Care has been taken to give to each author his own poem, which is not always done,—the

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relations of literature being often strangely sundered. The dates, also, have been especially observed.

As it is clear I could not ask permission from all the parties named in this book, I have asked permission from none ; but have gleaned conscientiously, and with due acknowledgment, where I admired

R. W. P.

Manchester, October, 1854.

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The Asterisks indicate the poets and poems of Lancashire.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT, ETC.

ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ She smiled, and I could not but love.” SHENSTONE.

“ Visions of disquietude and fame floated before me.”

BULWER LYTTON.

I WooED thee, bright nymph, in the minstrel's May,
When my heart, like the year, was young;
When hopes beat wild in the poet-child,
That rarely found a tongue:
Fond nature fired my spirit free,
While fancy fix'd my gaze on thee.
And who shall paint the bliss that warms,
Type of the sea, that mocks control,
When first the rapt eye greets thy charms,
Ethereal Hebe of the soul!
What fairy forms entranced me then—
When will such day-dreams lure again?

'Twas then I view'd that minstrel band
To whom perpetual youth is given ;
Who touch'd the grave with potent wand,
Who bloom at once on earth—in heaven !
And as I bless'd each dear loved name,
Each gem within the crown of fame,
In wordless prayer I press'd its shrine ;
The mortal worship'd the divine,
Till earth was into chaos thrown—
My gods, my idols, lived alone !
How shall my heart's deep joy be told
When fancy wrote my name in gold,
And placed it 'midst that glittering throng,
A magnet to the world of song ?

Sweet children of thy teeming smile,
Fair visions of a day,
Bright sun-flowers on life's desert isle,
How soon they pass'd away :
For truth has touch'd where fancy drew,
And sere'd the bays my young hopes knew.
Yet, when I hear the poet's power
Extoll'd by wit in wisdom's hour—
When beauty's lips pour forth his strain,
And waken hope, or joy, or pain—
When bright eyes gleam athwart each line,
Till looks, and words, are both divine,
And those high thoughts are all his own,
Which love would claim, and love alone ;—
What wonder if I yearn for fame,
And envy each undying name,
Though beaming forth from sainted ground,
Creation-lost, but heaven-found !

Full oft old Time, with stately pride,
Hath paced each mount and mead,
With young Spring blushing by his side,
Since vainly, with my sylvan reed,
I wooed thee for my bride.
Yet still thine image fills my soul,
Still burns that flame with fierce control ;
And should I breathe through years untold
Thy beauty never will grow old ;
But purer pride and rapture bring
To me, a minstrel, than a King !

Oh ! fleet though fair their fate must prove,
Whose hopes, whose hearts, to flesh are given,
Who build no ark of rest above ;
Earth holds a grave for earthly love,
But deathless is the love of heaven ;
And, source of all things pure and free,
The love of heaven is loving thee !

Great empress of the spirit-land,
The sting of youth's best hour,
The griefs that cursed me like a brand,
Were seeds of thy mute power.
But high the rose o'ertops the thorn,
The rainbow gilds the tempest-worn ;
For hours of deep pure bosom-glee,
A realm of beauty and of mind,
A land where giftless eyes are blind,
Thy bright brief smile bequeath'd to me.
What blessings, nursed in Nature's lap,
Burst forth from that sweet time ;
What riches for the poor man's heart—

Hail to the poet-clime !
 Where'er thy angel foot doth fall,
 One holy passion tinctures all !

I'll laud thy lyre, still drink thy words,
 Though stranger fingers wake the chords ;
 And aye shall breathe these lips of mine,
 The nymph that spurns me is divine ;
 And years confirm thy bless'd control,
 Ethereal Hebe of my soul !

TO THE DEITY.

FROM "TALES AND POEMS," BY THOMAS NICHOLSON, 1854.

O THOU, Invisible, whose voice I hear
 Loud on the rushing tempest where Thou ridest ;
 Thine airy car through boundless space Thou guidest,
 Where, through the regions of Thy dread career,
 Thy mighty hands the forked lightnings dart,
 And the deep soul-appalling thunders roll—
 The universal works own Thy control ;—
 Yet, Thou, Omnipotent, though great Thou art,
 'Midst the innumerable orbs that through
 The infinity of Thine empyrean move,
 O show Thyself a God of mercy too !
 Regard us from Thy towering throne above
 With kind compassion, and benignant eye—
 Avert the lowering storm when it draws nigh.

PROEM TO A VOLUME OF SELECTED POEMS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, BORN AT PORTLAND,
UNITED STATES, FEBRUARY 27, 1807.

THE day is gone, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,

That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush'd from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulso of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

ALONE AT EVE.

CHARLES SWAIN, BORN AT MANCHESTER, IN OCTOBER, 1803.

ALONE at eve, when all is still—
And memory turns to other years,
How oft our weary hearts we fill
With feeling's dark and bitter tears :
The friendships of our youthful day—
The hopes, which time could ne'er fulfil
And voices that have pass'd away,
Return at eve—when all is still !—

When all is still except the breast
That wakes to long remember'd woe ;
Of parted hopes, and hearts oppress,
And loved-ones buried long ago !—
Yet solace may our spirits find,—
A star to light the darkest ill ;
There's *One* the broken heart can bind—
Alone at eve—when all is still !

THE REFORMER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, BORN IN 1808, AT HAVERHILL,
IN MASSACHUSETTS.

ALL grim and soil'd, and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man,
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm ;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled,
Before the sunlight bursting in ;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head,
To drown the din.

" Spare !" Art implored, " yon holy pile ;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare ;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, " Forbear !"

Grey-headed Use, who, deaf and blind,
Cropped for his old accustom'd stone,
Lean'd on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
"Why smite," he ask'd in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flash'd his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart, I woke
As from a dream.

I look'd aside; the dust-cloud roll'd—
The Waster seem'd the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruin old,
I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I fear'd;
The frown which awed me pass'd away,
And left behind a smile, which cheer'd
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grass on battle plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;

The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frown'd the fort, pavilions gay,
And cottage-windows, flower-entwined,
Look'd out upon the peaceful bay,
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups, with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell;
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head,
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes grew, and sunbeams stray'd,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child play'd.

Where the doom'd victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crown'd with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The out-worn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The Good held captive in the use
Of Wrong alone.

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh ! backward looking son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown grey,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou,
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats !

Take heart ! the Waster builds again,
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for Death !

God works in all things ; all obey
His first propulsion from the night—
Ho ! wake and watch ! the world is grey
With morning light !

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

FROM ELEGIAC POEMS.

THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
“ Come, pilgrim, come away !”
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must, too, decline ;
The year its life reclining,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,

And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
“Why wait,” they say, “and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
Oh rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin.”

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee!

LINES WRITTEN IN RUDDLAN CASTLE,
NORTH WALES.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE. FROM “DREAMS AND
REALITIES,” 1847.

RETREAT of our fathers, who battled and bled
Against the unhallow'd invasion of Rome,
Who, vanquish'd by numbers, were scatter'd and fled
To find 'mid these solitudes freedom and home,
Preserving through sorrows and changes untold
The firmness, the feelings, the language of old.

I come, in the light of the blue summer skies,
To visit thy beauties wild Cambrian land !
Already thy mountains rise dark on my eyes,
And blooming before me thy valleys expand ;
Thy rude rocks invite me, thy floods as they flow
Allure me to follow wherever they go.

I will muse in thy castles, I'll look from thy hills,
I'll plunge in the depths of thy forests and vales ;
I will climb to thy cataracts, drink at thy rills,
And list to thy songs and thy storics, old Wales !
I will dream by thy rivers, and proudly explore
Every path which Tradition hath trodden before.

A pilgrim I am, and a pilgrim I've been,
And a pilgrim I would be while vigour remains,
My fond feet have wander'd o'er many a scene,
But none which surpasses thy mountains and plains ;
And I marvel that e'er I could linger to see
A land less enchanting, less glorious than thee.

There are beings I love without coldness or guile,
There are friends I would cling to whatever betide,
My absence from these may be borne for awhile,
But the other will mourn me away from their side ;
Yet a season will come when my manhood is past,
That will bind me to one little circle at last.

With a feeling of wonder I pause on my way,
In a ruin where monarchs beld splendour and place,
But pleasures await me for many a day,
In a region of poesy, grandeur, and grace :
For a time I will linger by hill, stream, and glen,
Then back to the common existence of men.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON. FROM HIS "POETICAL WORKS,"
1850.

It is the midnight's still and solemn hour,
And eyes and flowers are folded up in rest,
And glides the moon from out her sapphire bower,
With veil of clouds and star-embroider'd vest;
And now there comes a voice to memory dear—
I WEEP to hear it, and yet LOVE to hear.

It soundeth not as it was wont to sound,
It greets me not with glad and laughing tone :—
Ah ! how is this ?—I call and search around,
Save mine own echo all is still and lone ;
Nor voice nor form—perchance my senses dream—
I hear what is not, yet I waking seem.

It was HIS voice, the voice of my DEAR FRIEND—
DEAD !—speak the tenants of the silent grave ?
Have not earth's attributes a final end,
When sinketh life in death's o'erwhelming wave ?
The spirit's destiny is hid in gloom,
All mortal things must perish in the tomb.

'Twas but remembrance of what once hath been,
And liveth still within the sorrowing heart :

Oh, mystic Memory ! for ever green

We view the past by thy all-potent art—
Thou can'st restore the forms whose loss we mourn,
Thou rend'st the grave, and bursts the funeral urn.

And not alone unto my waking eyes

Is imaged forth that loved, familiar form ;
In the night's visions doth the past arise,
And thoughts of him who dwelleth with the worm :
I see him then—I hear, but not as now—
His voice is glad, and health is on his brow.

I hear him then as I was wont to hear,

I see him then as he was wont to be,
And comes his accents on my gladden'd ear,
As when of old we roam'd, in converse free ;
And each to each sought only to impart
Without disguise, the secrets of the heart.

My buried friend ! thou unto me wert bound,

Not by the ties which sordid beings bind,
But I in thee a kindred nature found
Thou wert to me a brother of the mind ;
Thou could'st not brook the worldling's narrow skill,
And wert the martyr of thine own proud will.

As one who sleeps and walks near rushing streams,

Surrounding dangers passeth heedless by :
So did'st thou live, wrapt in aspiring dreams,
Viewing the world with a regardless eye ;
With sickening soul mingling with soulless men,
Thou lived'st and died'st a god-form'd denizen.

Thou wert the child of higher, and lofty thought,
 Borne by the tide of thine own heart along ;
 With chainless mind thine uncheck'd spirit sought,
 On soaring wing, the towering mount of song ;
 Thou died'st or ere its proudest height was won—
 A tameless eagle stricken near the sun.

ALE VERSUS PHYSIC.

A SPECIMEN OF THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT, BY ELIJAH
 RIDINGS.

Aw'r gooin by a docthur's shop,
 Ut top o' Newton Yeth ;
 Un theer aw gan a sudden stop,
 Un begun t' be feort o' death.

My honds shak'd loike an aspen leof,
 Aw dithert i' my shoon ;
 It seemt as dark as twelve at neet,
 Though it wur boh twelve at noon.

Aw thowt aw seed the gallows-tree,
 Wheer th' yorn-croft thief wur swung ;*

* The "yorn-croft thief" was a young man, named George Russell, who was executed on Newton Heath, near Manchester, September 15, 1798, for stealing a piece of fastian from Sharrocks's bleaching ground, at the end of Long Millgate.

Un ut owd Nick wur takkin me,
Un theer he'd ha me hung.

Aw grop'd my way to th' docthur's heawse,
Un then aw tunblet deawn ;
The floor it gan me sich a seawse,
Aw welly breek my creawn.

Neaw, what wur th' docthur thinkin on
For t' bring me to mysel,
Un save a sick un deein mon,
So feort o' death un hell ?

He used no lance—he used no drug,
Ut strengthens, or ut soothes ;
Boh he browt some strung ale in a jug,
Ut had come fro' Willey Booth's.

He put it in my wackerin hont,
Ut wur so pale un thin ;
Aw swoipt it o' off at a woint,
Un aw never ailt nowt sin,

THE PASS OF DEATH.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE RIGHT HON-
OURABLE GEORGE CANNING, AND WITH REFERENCE TO IT.

SAMUEL BAMFORD, BORN AT MIDDLETON, NEAR MANCHESTER,
FEBRUARY 28, 1788.

ANOTHER'S gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst death is waiting there!"

But Time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he!
And still they go, and still they go,
The slave, the lord, the king;
And disappear like flakes of snow
Before the sun of spring!

For Death stood in the path of Time,
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escap'd his hand,
So certain was his aim.
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sank down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,
And in a moment fell ;
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolled into hell ;
And Age stood trembling at the pass,
And would have turn'd again ;
But Time said, " No, 'tis never so,
Thou can'st not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe—
But that did nought avail ;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale !
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play ;
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
And rais'd seditious cries ;
But, being a " legitimate,"
Death quickly stopp'd their noise !
The father left his infant brood
Amid the world to weep ;

And the mother di'd whilst her babe
Lay smiling in its sleep !

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive ;
But he drew his arrow to the head,
And left them not alive !
And some were plighting vows of love,
When their very hearts were torn ;
And eyes that shone so bright at eve
Were clos'd ere the morn !

And one had just attain'd to power,
And wist not he should die ;
Till the arrow smote his stream of life,
And left the cistern dry !
Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride ?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died ?

And still they come, and still they go,
And still there is no end,—
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend ?
Oh ! shall it be a crown'd head,
Or one of noble line ?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so frail as mine ?

The following is an outline of the career of George Canning, whose death is celebrated in Mr. Bamford's spirited poem.

GEORGE CANNING is a solitary instance, in English History, of literary talents lifting their possessor from a station comparatively low to the highest places of political distinction. Yet were not these talents such as of themselves to justify so remarkable a fortune. Many a man has written better things—many have spoken finer speeches—and yet have died as they had lived, in the station to which they were born, and which an insurmountable barrier appeared to prevent their passing. There is more in fortune and circumstances than we are willing to acknowledge. They lifted Canning to be Prime Minister of England, as they have chained many better men to the drudgery of the desk or the penury of the garret.

Mr. Bell, in his *Life of Canning*, has laboured diligently to throw light upon the early life of that statesman, but he leaves it as he found it, a mystery. The facts he has gathered do not account for the consequences we behold. How his rise was accomplished is nowhere explained. To-day we see him in one sphere, to-morrow in a different one, and we cannot learn by what effort or accident he succeeded in moving from one into the other. We feel that there is something not known; a secret which the biographer has not fathomed; more than meets the eye; and that destroys the completeness of the picture. But it is not the fault of Mr. Bell; it was during Canning's life a problem he would not solve even to his most intimate friends. He never told the precise history of his rise, and as Mr. Bell has failed to trace it, probably it will never be known, and an example will be lost to the world.

George Canning was born on the 11th of April, 1770. His father, according to Mr. Bell, was a lineal descendant of the Canynges of Bristol, immortalized by Chatterton, but his immediate progenitors were Irish, and he was

himself cast upon the world as a poor gentleman, with an allowance of £150 a year to fight his way as best he might. The elder George Canning entered the Middle Temple in 1757, but he was a lawyer in name only. Instead of pursuing his profession he turned author, and wrote bad poems and fierce party pamphlets, siding with "Wilkes and Liberty." He led a very profligate life, got into debt, joined in cutting off the entail of the family property to which he was heir, for some trifling consideration that relieved him for a time; then he plunged into debt again, and when his embarrassments were hopeless, he married a young lady named Costello, pretty but portionless; became a wine merchant, failed in that attempt also, and, three years afterwards, died, leaving his widow unprovided for, with an only son, George Canning, the illustrious subject of this memoir, then only twelve months old.

In so unpromising a manner was this great man ushered into life; such the evil fortune that attended upon his infancy. His mother sought her livelihood upon the stage, to which her beauty and abilities recommended her. She made her appearance at Drury-lane in 1773, as *Jane Shore*, and for a time was a public favourite. But she had no real genius for the pursuit into which necessity rather than inclination had conducted her, and from filling the leading characters she gradually declined to be no more than the "walking lady," or the lady's maid. She formed a connection with a player named Reddish, and took his name. From London she travelled into the provinces, where, probably, she passed as a sort of star. On one of these excursions she married Mr. Hunn, a bankrupt draper, of Plymouth, and with him she lived for many

years in the West of England, and, if we rightly remember, at Collumpton, in Devonshire.

Such were the guardians and guides of Canning's childhood and early youth. But luckily his father's relations pitied his situation, and one of his uncles, Mr. Stratford Canning, a merchant in London, and himself destined to be the father of a man of some note, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, took charge of the boy, removed him from his dangerous associations, sent him to Winchester, and afterwards to Eton. Whether the kindness of the uncle was prompted by mere good feeling, or whether the boy's unmistakeable talents and graceful manners had excited for him a special interest, we are not told.

At Eton the young Canning speedily distinguished himself, not only by his ready scholarship but also by the brilliancy of his wit, and the facility with which he wrote themes prescribed, and essays, epigram and poetry, not falling within the category of school exercises. It is probable that the foundation of his subsequent fortunes was laid in this school. His fine parts recommended him to the notice, and the gentleman that was inherent in him to the regard, of those of his schoolfellows most distinguished in rank and connection, and the fruits of the friendships then formed were visible in his after rise.

From Eton he went to Oxford, where again he charmed a large circle of acquaintances, and thence he proceeded to the Inns of Court, intending to make the law his profession.

His fame had preceded him to London. Scarcely was he settled here when his school and college acquaintance eagerly sought his society. He was admitted into the best circles as a privileged man; and the Whig coterie

turned an eye to him as one whose talents might advantageously be enlisted into their ranks.

But by some means not explained, Mr. Pitt was induced to notice him, and the flattery of a minister, and of such a minister as Mr. Pitt, who had place and pension in his gift, was more likely to attract a young man who had his own fortune to make than the more exciting but less substantial cheers of an opposition. Canning suddenly became a Tory, and was put into Parliament in the year 1793 for the borough of Newport, on the convenient retirement of Sir Richard Worsley.

Throughout the whole of this period of his life, from the time of his quitting school to that of coming into parliament, there is a mystery which must strike every reader. How did he live? College life costs something. A man cannot study for the Bar and visit in the highest circles without a tolerable income; nor can a Member of Parliament subsist upon "hear, hear," and "cheers from both sides." Canning had not a farthing of his own. His uncle died in 1788, and left him nothing. His mother could with difficulty keep herself. There is some dubious sort of story of a sum of £200 per annum, charged on the paternal estate on the cutting off of the entail; but of this there is no evidence—it is only rumour and conjecture. How, then, did Canning subsist? It is to be regretted that Mr. Bell has been unable to solve this problem, for the sake of the many young men of parts who would fain, like him, be gentlemen without money and without work. Such an example would have been invaluable; it would have totally eclipsed the famous treatise, "How to live in comfort and respectability on £150 a year." Canning might have taught us how to live as a gentleman upon nothing! Yet we never heard that

he got into debt or gambled. Did his pen help him to an income ?

His after career is familiar to all who remember the history of the present century. His reputation in the House of Commons rose as rapidly as it had done at school and at college. He was found to be that most valuable of assistants to a minister, a ready debater, prompt at reply, and capable of hitting an adversary very hard with the utmost suavity of manner. The next year he was honoured with the duty of seconding the Address, and discharged it amid general applause, and the tacit acknowledgment of all parties that he was "the coming man." In the next year he was invited to take office as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and soon afterwards he enlisted pen as well as tongue in the service of the government, and commenced "The Anti-Jacobin." Pitt resigned in 1801, and Canning with him, and in Opposition he distinguished himself by his brilliant attacks upon the administration, in which all the powers of his invective, envenomed by personal bitterness, were concentrated. For three years he continued these assaults with unwearied animosity, employing every engine that tongue or pen could work to bring the government into odium. He succeeded, and returned to power with his patron. Pitt, in 1804, but, on this occasion, as Treasurer of the Navy. When "the Talents," as they were termed, came in, he again retired to renew against them the same sort of warfare which had proved so effective against the Addington Ministry. His zeal was rewarded, for on the accession of the Duke of Portland, he was entrusted with the important office of Foreign Secretary. In 1809, his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh and the duel that ensued compelled his retirement. Five dreary years of exclusion from place

now awaited him; but once during that period the offer of re-instatement was made to him and refused, because he would not serve under his adversary. Time, however, or necessity, modified these feelings, and in 1814 he did not scruple to accept the embassy to Lisbon, and two years after that the Presidency of the Board of Control, under the very Castlereagh he had before so vilified. But Canning was after all only a brilliant adventurer. He had some conscience nevertheless. The persecution of Queen Caroline met with his hearty opposition, and rather than be a party to it he resigned his post in 1820. Two years after his indignation was cooled by the offer of the profitable Governor-Generalship of India. On the death of Castlereagh he resigned that for the Foreign Office, from which he was, in April, 1827, exalted to the most important position in the world, that of Premier of Great-Britain. But his triumph was his death-blow; the harass and excitement of an office that exposed him to every species of hostility, public and private, were too great for his delicate nerves. In four months from the attainment of his proud dignity, he was a corpse,—*The Critic*.

TO MOSS AND IVY.

DAVID HOLT. FROM "POEMS, RURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS." 1846.

TWIN Sisters, growing on the ancient walls
Which are Time's monuments—rich tapestry,
That wreathe your garlands in chivalric halls,
Outrivaling the page of heraldry !
In desolation's garden ye are fair,
And Ruin loves you—ye her children are.

How solemn—when the silent moon reclines
Upon the broken arch, the ruined tower,
And thro' the shafted oriel brightly shines—
How solemn, then, to rove at such an hour,
And trace your fragile trellice-work on high
Upon the surface of the deep blue sky !

Ye grow when man hath ceased to cultivate,
So, ye are nature's own !—the wreath she bears
To Time, her father ; and ye do create
A chart whereon to trace the lapse of years,
Creeping and growing o'er the shatter'd stone,
In your own simple majesty, alone.

In old ancestral mansions, where, oh, where
Are lordly brows and eyes—the soft and bright?
Where the brave soldier? where the matchless fair?
The gentle lady and the courtly knight?
Through the high lattice moss and ivy still
Peep forth and whisper, “We their places fill.”

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A WANDERING orphan child was I—
And meanly at the best attired;
For, oh! my mother scarce could buy
The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
It seem'd to be her dearest joy,
To press her pale hand on my head,
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more
Stern suffering brought her to decay;
And then an Angel pass'd her door,
And bore her lingering soul away!
And I—they know not what is grief
Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;
All other woe on earth is brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot,
 'Mid reckless deeds, and desperate men ;
But still I never quite forgot
 The prayer I ne'er should hear again ;
And oft, when half induced to tread
 Such paths as unto sin decoy,
I've felt her fond hand press my head—
 And that soft touch hath saved her boy !

Though hard their mockery to receive,
 Who ne'er themselves 'gamst sin had striven,
Her who, on earth, I dared not grieve,
 I could not, would not, grieve in heaven ;
And thus from many an action dread,
 Too dark for human eyes to scan,
The same fond hand upon my head
 That bless'd the boy hath saved the man !

A FAIRY SONG.

MRS. JAMES GRAY; BORN AT THE ELMS, NEAR MAIDENHEAD,
BERKSHIRE, ON THE 24TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1812: DIED
AT SUNDAY'S WELL, CORK, JANUARY 28, 1845.

FROM the alder bushes,
From the daisies' home,
From the bending rushes,
Come, come, come!
I am spirit weary,
Weary of the earth;
I would be a fairy,
Joining in your mirth!
At my wishes take me,
Little fairy elves;
By your magic, make me
Even as yourselves!
From the mossy hollow,
From the hilly's dome,
Follow, follow, follow,
Come, come, come!

Shall we to the river?
Shall we to the mead,

Where the dew drops quiver,
Where the rainbows feed ?
In yon airy palace,
I will lightliest trip ;
From the acorn chalice,
Deepest will I sip !
Bring me to the waters
By the brisk wind fann'd ;
Let me see the daughters
Of your happy land !
Or where monsters wallow,
'Neath the white sea foam,
Follow, follow, follow !
Come, come, come !

'Neath the glistening laurel,
In the moon's pale light,
Or 'midst the branching coral,
Where sea-bones are white,
In earth, air, or ocean,
Stars, or flower, or dew ;
Anywhere for motion,
Anywhere with you !
So shall come forgetting
Of the days gone by ;
So shall come the setting
Of each rising sigh.
Skim we like the swallow !
Wheresoe'er we roam ;
Follow, follow, follow,
Come, come, come !

THE ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

WE keep an anniversary to-day—

But not as those who mark with festal mirth
The victories of ages pass'd away,

Or sweet home-time of marriage or of birth—
We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath :
Ours is an anniversary of death !

Oh, how this day recalls the bitter past !

This summer day, our loved one's last of life ;
And this deep midnight hour, the very last

Wherein she slumber'd from the final strife ;
Even *now* the death-damp crept o'er every limb,
Even *now* her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature—

Panting her very life in fever forth ;
I see her yet, with every lovely feature,

Bearing the prophecy, of "earth to earth :"
Yet with her soft, deep-loving eyes, whose meekness
Look'd gratefully around through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her death bed laid,
Her face all still, yet mutely eloquent—
A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
Show'd on her brow, the fulness of content—
The small, white, drooping hand, the braided hair,
The stirless lip, the cheek so calmly fair.

One year ago, this night, my hands for her
Perform'd the last sad offices of love ;
Still, 'midst my task, I dream'd her pulse must stir,
My straining eyes *saw* those dark tresses move !
But the white morning broke upon thy brow,
Beloved and lovely one, and what wast thou ?

A rigid corpse—a marble image changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form,—
A something sadly from our dreams estranged,
That look'd as though with life 'twas never warm,
That seem'd our hearts instinctively to draw,
Yet thrill'd them with a deep, mysterious awe.

Sweet one, thou liest in thy lowly tomb,
We ask not of thy mortal relics now,—
They perish'd like the wild flower's summer bloom ;
Yet are they garner'd as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall bring
An incorruptible and holy thing !

Said I that we should *mourn* ? The thought I call
Back to my heart—we keep no *mournful* day —
Let there be high and solemn festival,
As for the saints of old, who pass'd away ;
The church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer.

We celebrate a victory,—o'er the earth,
Its tribulation, its decay, its sighs—
We celebrate a glorious day of birth,
An entrance on a life that never dies—
We keep a marriage-feast—her darksome tomb
Is but a passage to the Bridegroom's home.

THE DREAMS OF OLD.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

THE dreams of old are faded,
Their wondrous spells are o'er;
We cannot be persuaded
To try their power once more.
Our wisdom now is scorning
What our fathers deem'd a boon;
The world's bright clouds of morning
Have melted in her noon.
Yet, for the parted glory
They shed on mortal mould,
Think gently of the phantasy
That framed the dreams of old.

Where are the fairy legions
That peopled vale and grove,
And overspread earth's regions
With strange ethereal love?

The flowers their essence haunted
Are blooming gaily still,
But June hath disenchanted
The meadow and the rill.
There's not a child who listens,
When their magic tale is told,
Who does not know they were but dreams,
Those radiant dreams of old.

Where is the high aspiring
That the star-watcher knew,
Born of the pure desiring
For the holy and the true?
The faith, that never halted
Heaven's starry page to read,
And framed a dream, exalted
Unto a prophet's creed.
Who *now* would seek the planets,
The future to unfold,
Who, as the grave astrologer,
Revive the dreams of old?

Where is the kindred spirit,
With weary endless guest,
Still hoping to inherit
Earth's riches, and be blest?
No more beside his furnace
The alchemist may bend—
No more, in lonely sternness,
His secret labours tend.
We have a bolder wisdom
To multiply our gold,
An open craft to supersede
That strongest dream of old.

So pass the dream of ages,
And leave but little trace,
Visions of bards and sages,
New wisdom can efface ;
Dreams, that have won the fearful
To hope for better days ;
Dreams, that have fill'd the cheerful
With terror and amaze !
All pass—doth nothing linger
With deathless things enroll'd,
That shall not perish and depart,
Amidst the dreams of old ?

Yes—what upheld the martyr
Amidst the final strife,
When he refused to barter
This holy faith for life ?
What cheer'd the pilgrim strangers
To lofty thought and deed,
To sow, 'midst death and dangers,
The gospel's sacred seed ?
They hoped the world's wide nations
Its fruit should yet behold,
And was their glorious faith a dream,
A fading dream of old ?

No—by the babe's devotion
Lisp'd at his mother's knee,
And by her deep emotion
Its early trust to see ;
And by the bond of union,
The faithful here may prove,

And by the blest communion
Of ransom'd ones above,
We feel that here no vision
Was with the past enroll'd,
That the Christian faith may never be
A baseless dream of old !

From over the sea, (I quote from the *Art-Union*,) came news of the death of one who, if longer spared, would have achieved a much higher reputation than she had yet won—for her mind was evidently gaining strength, and her views of life and knowledge of literature were expanding. One of our contemporaries has said, that Mary Anne Browne was “spoiled at first by over-praise;” over-praised the girl-poet might have been, but none who have read what she has written as Mrs. James Gray could have deemed her “spoiled”—for all her latter works evince care and thought, and much genuine refinement; and her last small volume of poems, *Sketches from the Antique*, supply evidence of higher hopes and holier aspirations than belong to the “spoiled” children of the Muses. Her short life, although eventful, was checquered and of uneven course—as literary lives always are in England—but she was a loving and a beloved wife, esteemed by those who knew her as a kind and amiable woman, and one of rare industry. I found it hard to believe that death had taken her from the new-born infant that nestled in her bosom; that the grave had closed over the laughing girl I had seen but as yesterday. Mary Anne Browne resided some years in Liverpool, and there established her poetical reputation.

JOHNNY GREEN'S WEDDING AND DESCRIPTION
OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

ALEXANDER WILSON, DIED JANUARY 6, 1846, AGED 43
YEARS.

NEAW lads, wheer ar yo beawn so fast ?
Yo happun ha no yerd what's past :
Aw gettun wed sin aw'r here last,
 Just three week sin, come Sunday.
Aw ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,
So Nan an me agreed tat neight,
Ot if we could mak booth eends meet,
 We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,
Aw th' wenches coom and browt t' sweethearts ;
Aw fund we're loike to ha three carts—
 'Twur thrunk as Eccles wakes, mon :
We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too—
One red, one green, an tone wur blue ;
So hey ! lads, hey ! away we flew,
 Loike a race for th' Leger stakes, mon.

Reight merrily we drove, full bat,
An eh ! heaw Duke an Dobbin swat ;

Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat
 Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um :
 Deawn Withy Grove at last we coom,
 An stopt at Seven Stars, by gun,
 An drunk as mich warm ale an rum,
 As'd dreawn o'th folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid, an drink wur done,
 Up Fennel-street, to th' church, for fun ;
 We donced loike morris-doncercs dun,
 To th' best o' aw mea knowledge ;
 So th' job wur done, i hoave a crack ;
 Boh, eh ! what fun to get th' first smack,
 So neaw, mea lads, fore we gun back,
 Says aw, " We'n look at th' College."

We seed a clock-case, first, good laws !
 Wheer deoth stonds up wi' great lung claws,
 His legs, an wings, an lantern jaws,
 They really lookt quite feorink.
 There's snakes an watch-bills, just loike poikes,
 Ot Hunt an aw th' reformink toikes,
 An thee an me, an Sam o' Moik's,
 Once took a blanketeerink.

Eh ! lorjus days, booath far an woide,
 Theer's yards o' books at every stroide,
 Fro top to bothum, eend, an soide,
 Sich plecks there's very few so :
 Aw axt him if they wurn for t' sell ;
 For Nan loikes readink vastly well ;
 Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he could naw tell,
 Or aw'd bowt hur Robison Crusoe.

Theer's a trumpet speyks an maks a din,
 An a shute o' clooas made o' tin,
 For folk to goo a feightink in,

Just loike thoose chaps o' Boney's :
 An theer's a table carv'd so queer,
 Wi' os mony planks os days i'th' year,
 An crinkum-crankums heer an theer,
 Loike th' clooas-press at mea gronny's.

Theer's Oliver Crumill's bums an balls,
 An Frenchmen's guns they'd tean i' squalls,
 An swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,

An bows an arrows too, mon ;
 Aw didno moind his fearfo words,
 Nor skeletons o' men an birds,
 Boh aw fair hate seet o' greyt lung swords,
 Sin th' feight at Peterloo, mon.

We seed a wooden cock loikewise ;
 Boh dang it, mon, these college boys,
 They tell'n a pack o' starink loies,
 Os sure os teaw'r a sinner ;
 That cock, when it smells roast beef, 'll crow,
 Says he ; " Boh " aw said, " teaw lies, aw know,
 " An aw con prove it plainly so,
 Aw've a peawnd i' mea hat for my dinner."

Boh th' hairy mon had miss'd mea thowt,
 An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,
 An th' woman noather lawmt nor nowt,
 Theaw ne'er seed loike sin t'ur born, mon ;

Theer's crocodiles, an things, indeed,
Aw colours, mak, shap, size, and breed ;
An if aw moot tell tone hoave aw seed,
 We moot sit an smook till morn, mon.

Then deawn Lung Millgate we did steer,
To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop theer,
To bey eawr Nan a rockink cheer,
 An pots, an spoons, an ladles ;
Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,
A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,
Aw bowt a cheer for smookink in,
 An Nan axt proice o' th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honeymoon,
An off we seet for Owdham soon ;
We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,
 Every yard o'th' way, mon ;
At neight, oytch lad an bonny lass,
Laws ! heaw they donced an drunk their glass ;
So tyrt wur Nan an I, by th' mass,
 Ot wea leigh 'till twelve next day, mon.

Alexander Wilson, the author of the above and other provincial songs, was also a self-taught artist. He excelled in painting animals and humorous scenes ; his picture of Cheetham Hill Wakes is especially droll.

OUR GOD IS GOOD.

BENJAMIN STOTT, BORN AT MANCHESTER, NOVEMBER 24,
1813, AND DIED THERE, JULY 26, 1850.

Our God is good, His works are fair,
His gifts to man are rich and rare ;
His holy presence everywhere,
O'er land and sea,
Proclaims that all should equal share
Sweet liberty.

The air with sounds of Freedom rings,
Whene'er the lark his carol sings,
Whene'er the bee bestirs his wings ;
From tiny bird
And joyful twittering insect things
That sound is heard.

'Tis first of Nature's wise decrees,
It floats upon the healthful breeze,
It speaketh in the rustling trees,
Without control
It rolls o'er waves of mighty seas,
From Pole to Pole.

Wherever mortal man hath been,
In deserts wild, or prairies green,
In storm, or solitude serene,
 On hills, or plains,
He hath in Nature's kingdom seen
 That freedom reigns.

Dear liberty ! foul slavery's ban,
Destroy thee, tyrants never can,
For when the flight of time began,
 God made all free ;
He breathed into the soul of man,
 Pure love for thee.

That love inspired great Bruce and Tell,
Before them despots fled and fell ;
That love hath often rung the knell
 Of coward knaves,
Whose powerful villanies compel
 Men to be slaves.

And yet that love shall millions bless,
Its power will all their wrongs redress,
Base tyranny shall soon confess
 The rights of all ;
Then woe to him that dare oppress
 With chains and thrall.

For God is good, His works are fair,
His gifts to man are rich and rare,
His holy presence everywhere
 O'er land and sea,
Proclaims that all should equal share
 Sweet liberty.

KENILWORTH.

WILLIAM HARPER. FROM "THE GENIUS, AND OTHER
POEMS," 1840.

PROUD Kenilworth a ruin stands,
That is of old renown ;
'Mid smiling streams, and pleasant lands,
He bows his glory down.

My spirit dreams of other days,
While yet I gaze on thee ;
Of mailed knights, and minstrel lays,
And queenly revelrie !

And then, methinks, how sad the things
Which such mutation know !
The pomps of nobles, and of kings,
Are but a passing show.

And where are they who in thy halls
Have suit and service known ?
Who piled thy ivy-tangled walls,
Unshaped, and overthrown ?

All silent now ! in mist and gloom,
The shadows of the past !
Their mansion is the barren tomb,
Their triumphs could not last.

Be mine a portion better far
Than aught of earth can be ;
Whose glory is a falling star,
Like, Kenilworth, to thee !

OLD FROST.

JOHN SCHOLES.

'Tis such a night, when herdsmen first begin
The winter's task, to house and fodder up
Their cattle. When white frost hangs thick
Upon the brookside hedge, and meads, close cropp'd,
Rustle beneath the tread ; and to the gate
The kine with argent frost come, silver'd o'er,
Puffing their cloudy breath in the moon's face.
With wicker maun the merry maiden trips
To gather linen from the orchard-pale :
Anon she spreads it steaming at the hearth ;
Anon heaps logs upon the blazing pile ;
Her pretty rounded arm shows dappled o'er,
And on her modest cheek the frolic kiss
Of snowy-headed winter sits in blushes.

All night Old Frost works wond'rous alchemy—
And every noteless bush and mossy stone
Of wrought-enchased silver shows at morn.
Round glittering sloes, that peep'd thro' leafy shades,
Like elfin eyes in the dusk twilight hour,
A misty bloom, as on Damascus blade,
At dawn enwraps. The brook its wonted song
Sings in an alter'd key. The richly-jewell'd fern
And pendant branches, hung with crystal bells,
Their icy cymbals clash in harmony :—
A low, clear, ringing music, often heard
In quiet places on so sweet a night.
From perilous rocks the venerable goat,
With hoary-hermit beard, looks sagely down
And ruminates on change.

BABYLON.

WILLIAM ROWLINSON ; DROWNED IN THE THAMES, WHILST
BATHING, JUNE 22, 1829 ; BURIED IN BISHAM
CHURCHYARD, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

WHERE great Euphrates' giant flood
Roll'd joyously along,
Chaldean's noblest city stood,
In grandeur seeming strong, —

The proudest city of the earth,
Where all was grand and fair,
Where is its joyousness and mirth?—
Its might and splendour, where?

Its noble palaces, and halls,
Have fallen to decay;
Where stood the city's giant walls,
The moss is growing grey;
Where Babel's mighty column rose,
Stands not a single stone!
But there the rank grass wildly grows,
And all is drear and lone.

That stream still rolls in gladness on,
But o'er the silent scene
Remains no trace of Babylon,
To tell that it hath been.
Where is the proud Chaldean's might,
His majesty and power?
Gone—like the darkness of the night,
Pass'd—like an April shower!

Whence came this desolation, why
Hath ruin strew'd the land?
Came there no vengeance from on high,
No sternly dread command?
The magic writing on the wall,
Appalling eye and heart,
Foretold that temple, palace, hall,
And power, should depart!

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

FROM "IVY LEAVES," BY ISABELLA VARLEY, 1844.

"On Christmas Day I shall dine with you in England."

Last Letter home of a Ship Surgeon.

"MOTHER, our vessel is homeward bound ;—
Leaps not thy heart at the welcome sound ?—
Flashes not gladly thy thankful eye ?
Hath not hope chidden the starting sigh ?
Throbs not thy pulse with an eager joy,—
Impatient yearnings to clasp thy boy ?

"We come, we come ; through the beaded foam
Our vessel cutteth her pathway home :
Proudly she parteth the swelling tide,
And dasheth the froth from her painted side ;
Where farewell tears of the weeping wave
Glisten like gems from a mermaid's cave,

"Ere Christmas cometh, I trust to stand,
With unchanged heart, on my native strand,

Though somewhat altered in form and mien,
From the pale and fragile youth, I ween :
I almost question *thy* power to trace
Thine only one in my sunburnt face.

“ Oh ! light of heart I had need to be,
Each moment bringing me nearer thee ;
Yet slowly, slowly, Time's pinions move,
Parted from home and the friends we love :
But the time of meeting draweth near,
And I shall partake your Christmas cheer.

“ Never hath home been so dear as now ;
And I lean at eve o'er the vessel's prow,
Picturing forms I was wont to meet
Round our cheery fire,—and long to greet,
Kindly and warmly, the friendly band
Fancy hath call'd from the shadow-land.

“ Mother, thy truant may love the sea,
Its dashing billows and breezes free ;
Yet wearied turns from its wild unrest
To the holy calm his home possess'd,
And yearns for the gentle smile and tone
That none save a mother's lip hath known.

“ As flew the dove to the ark again.
Return I to thee o'er the trackless main ;
More welcome thy wandering son will be,
Preserved from the perils that walk the sea :
I've learn'd the value of childhood's home,
And nought shall tempt me again to roam.

* * * * *

“Rememberest thou the boding fears
That drench’d thy cheek with a flood of tears,
When I left my home to tread the deck ?
Yet I’m safe and well, and fear no wreck ;—
The fever hath pass’d and left me free,
It hath thinned our crew but scathed not me.

“Health hath breathed on our ship again,
Gaily we scud o’er the watery plain ;—
Gaily, for now we are homeward bound,
Soon we shall leap upon English ground :
Joy, joy, my dear Mother, for me and you :
Till Christmas merry,—adieu ! adieu !”

Christmas approacheth—is here—is gone,
But where is the long-expected one ?
Round the hearth his childhood’s playmates meet,—
Where is the friend they had hoped to greet ?
Mother, his wanderings aye are o’er ;
Friends, he will meet ye on earth no more.

Buoyant and fearless of future ill,
Dreaming happiness waited his will ;
With step elastic and hope-lit eye
He paced the deck,—his pulse beat high ;
But the scorching breath of fever pass’d,
And life-blood shrank from the burning blast.

Homeward he fled to the better shore,—
The toilsome voyage of life is o’er :

He sleeps the sleep of the dreamless dead,
A sea-weed pillow beneath his head ;
The rest he sought his spirit found, --
Mother, thy wept one was Homeward Bound !

THE CONTENTED SPOUSE.

DAVID WILLIAM PAYNTER ; DIED NEAR MANCHESTER,
MARCH 15, 1823.

WHILE striplings sigh in sugar'd verse,
Invoking sylph and fairy, —
A husband, surely, may rehearse
The love he bears to MARY.

No puling vows he'll e'er employ,
To prove his passion chary ;
Nor e'er with fiction's dross alloy
The praise he gives to MARY.

At home, abroad, in joy, or grief,
Her heart is ever wary ;
Who yields not to this truth belief,
Does wrong to him and MARY.

Let courtly fools their vain intrigues
Pursue, with license airy ;
He fondly boasts no amorous leagues,
But those he keeps with MARY.

Five years, she now hath been *his* wife,
Whose faith will never vary ;
But whilst he holds one spark of life,
That spark shall burn for MARY.

HE WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE.

FROM "IRWELL, AND OTHER POEMS," BY JOSEPH ANTHONY,
1843.

My brother was a lovely child,
His beauty language may not give ;
There was a something when he smiled,
All thoughts of earthly things beguiled ;
To realms above, and heavenly things,
To cherubs and their golden wings,
And joys alone those realms can give—
He was too beautiful to live.

My brother oft would ask the boon,
In stilly night by me to sit,
To gaze on the resplendent moon,
Or watch huge clouds before it flit ;

Or on some star his eye would rest,
And then, himself could ne'er tell why,
With deep emotion heaved his breast,
Whilst tears unconscious fill'd his eye.

And once, I do remember well,
Whilst thus his gaze intently set,
He said that he should love to dwell
Where such bright beings nightly met ;
Or happy be alone to roam
Upon the bright and beauteous dome ;
And then he ask'd with tearful eye,
If those bright stars did ever die ?

And in these early days he died—
He was too beautiful to live ;
And years since then away have died,
And others dear are by his side ;
Yet flits his form in radiance bright,
Before mine eyes in hours of night ;
Sweet visions they which e'er will be,
Whilst unto me lives memory ;
And oh, the joy those visions give,
Of one too beautiful to live !

THE UNFOSTERED APPLE TREE :

Which regularly blooms, but never produces fruit, probably
owing to its being planted in a rough, gravelly soil.

DAVID WILLIAM PAYNTER.

IN vain thou blossom'st, hapless Tree !
On thy frail boughs we ne'er shall see
The autumnal Fruit, with russet cheek,
Till thou art placed in soil more sleek.

E'en thus, while yet my Muse was young,
The bloom of hope profusely hung
About her lyre and plaintive lute,—
But ne'er could ripen into Fruit.

The preface to Mr. Paynter's volume of poems, *The Muse in Idleness*, is somewhat quaint and pleasing: "The heterogeneous children, disposed herein according to their respective temperaments, having lived for a considerable time, (several of them, indeed, longer than a seven-years' apprenticeship,) idle and unprofitable members of their Father's household,—are sent into the world, in order to make

some sort of provision for themselves; yet with no other recommendation, (heaven help them !) than self-report,—which, by the way, people of thoughtful discretion and forecast consider but a scurvily-slender loop, whereby to suspend so pretty a gimcrack as *Hope!* However, if all of them prove honest enough to escape the jail of Infamy,—and even One (be it the veriest dapperling amongst them,) has sufficient address to gain a settlement in the Republic of Letters,—the Parent's most lively expectations will be answered to the full."

x

CUPID'S LOVE DRAUGHT.

THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH; DIED JULY 30, 1843,
IN HIS 24TH YEAR.

"I WILL gather the smiles of the fairest of women,"
Said Cupid one evening to me,
"In a goblet of wine for thy spirit to swim in,
And bring it all glowing to thee.
If thou'lt swear by the cup,
Ere thou drainest it up,
That thou'lt worship no maiden beside,
And affirm, by the shine
Of her smiles in the wine,
That thou'lt woo her and make her thy bride ;

And she shall be lustre and glory to thee,
Enchanting thy bosom with heaven-born glee ;
For she is the brightest and loveliest thing
That ever I press'd with the down of my wing."

E'en already my heart, with a trembling emotion,
Felt more than it e'er could express ;
As I dreamt of the maiden I warm'd to devotion,
And whisper'd in Cupid's ear, " Yes !
I would swear that and more,
If it were to adore
But the vision of one so divine ;
For my spirit would fly
To the uttermost sky,
To alight on so hallow'd a shrine ;
And fondly I'd worship by day and by night,
Through my winters of sorrow and springs of delight,
That fairy-like, brightest, and loveliest thing
Thou hast ever caress'd with the down of thy wing."

" Then 'tis a bargain—a bargain," the little god said,
Unfolding his white wings for flight,
" Tarry not, but speed westward when I shall have fled,
And thou wilt behold her to-night ;
And the tint of the rose
On her cheek shall repose,
' Mid the silver of blossoming May,
As the crimson beams glow
On the feathery snow,
Ere the sun bids farewell to the day,
And mellow light dropping like dew from her eyes,
Shall ravish thy spirit with dreams of the skies,

For truly I vow she's the loveliest thing
That ever I press'd with the down of my wing."

So saying, he spread out his wings, and he flew
On the breath of the balmy wind,
And his pinions which shone in the sun-ray's hue,
Were like silver and gold entwined ;
And still onward he flew,
Till he hung on the blue
Of the sky like a bright fleecy cloud,
And the music of spheres
Is less sweet to the ears
Than the magic he caroll'd aloud ;
While the heavenly vault, as he soar'd along,
Re-echoed in rapture this spell of his song—
" Oh ! she is the brightest and loveliest thing
That ever I press'd with the down of my wing."

As the honied bee flutteringly trembles on flight
Away to its mansion of rest,
So my spirit o'erladen with love and delight,
Flew on to its home in the west,
And the crescent moon wove
Over meadow and grove
A deluge of glorious beaming,
While the dew-drops shone round,
Till the glittering ground
Was glass'd with their crystalized gleaming ;
And I beheld in each diamond drop that shone,
Like an angel to cheer me and light me on,
The miniature form of the loveliest thing
That ever Love press'd with the down of his wing.

I endeavoured full often to gather a prize,
But ere I could seize one it died,
For it faded away like the mist from my eyes,
The closer I drew to its side ;
Yet it vanish'd in play,
For it lit up the way
That stretch'd out its winding before me,
And allured me along,
Like a dream or a song,
Till the roof of a palace clos'd o'er me :
I enter'd the hall, and a banquet was spread,
And the crystal lamps o'er it a radiance shed ;
But in vain did I look for the brightest thing
That ever Love press'd to the down of his wing.

There were silver and gold, there were beauty and splendour,
And viands delicious and rare ;
There were looks, there were smiles, there were hearts
young and tender,
Which felt not, which dreamt not of care ;
There were eyes of the hue
Of the violet's blue,
Which by sorrow had never been wet ;
On others was graven
The dye of the raven,
Rim'd round by long arrows of jet ;
But my heart turn'd aside from the rich display,
And the hope I had cherish'd was fading away ;
For in vain did I look for that brightest thing
That Love ever press'd to the down of his wing.

There were cheeks that were blushing with crimson glow,
 Enwreath'd with luxuriant hair,
While foreheads, whose whiteness was that of the snow,
 Proclaim'd purity's temples there ;
 There were soft lips which might
 Have been stealing the light
Of the rose-leaf, so red were they dyed ;
 Yet they moved not my heart,
 And I thought to depart,
 When a maiden sat down by my side :
And by instinct I knew, though I gazed not upon
The face or the form of that beautiful one,
That she was the brightest and loveliest thing
That ever Love press'd to the down of his wing.

Oh ! I dared not to gaze, for each pulse in my frame,
 Each feeling that throb'd through my soul,
Might have told her the tale of my bosom's wild flame,
 And suddenly ruin'd the whole ;
 But ere long I'd been mute,
 In the notes of the lute
She softly spoke, and the words I heard
 Were more welcome to me
 Than the bark's mast can be
 To the ocean-bound wing-weary bird ;
And though they breathed little of tenderness, yet
Their musical tone I can never forget,
For it came through the lips of the brightest thing
That ever Love press'd to the down of his wing.

Round a goblet her tapering white fingers did twine,
 Like lilies, and blushing she bent

O'er the brim to behold her dark eyes in the wine,
Which retain'd all the lustre they'd lent ;
And it pilfer'd each smile
That was dancing the while
On the lip and the cheek of the maid,
Till the wine seem'd on flame
With the pure light that came,
And meteor-like over it play'd ;
And Love cried " Oh ! waste not a moment, drain up
Each cherishing drop in that nectarous cup,
For it hath been charm'd by the loveliest thing
That ever I press'd to the down of my wing."

Then wildly I seized the bright goblet and swore
To Love, who was hovering nigh,
By the cup, and by all I had promised before,
To woo her and wed her, or die ;
And I quaff'd off the wine
From the goblet divine,
And my soul with its luxury burn'd ;
Then, then to the maiden,
With ecstasy laden,
Enraptured my fond spirit turn'd ;
And innocence, virtue, and joy look'd on me,
For my beautiful, beautiful Mary—'twas she !
The purest, the brightest, the loveliest thing,
That Love ever press'd to the down of his wing.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

FLUTTERING, trembling, here and there,
Basking in the sunny air,
The summer phantom comes and goes,
Like the fitful breeze that blows :
I love to see your wings unfold,
Sylph of silver !—sylph of gold !

When hawthorn blossoms scent the gale,
And daisy white, and primrose pale,
Are in their modest beauty seen
To deck the meadows, virgin green,
Child of the sunbeams ! born of light !
You first display your wings of white.

But when days longer, warmer hours,
Make field and garden smile with flowers ;
When summer gusts, with gentle shock,
Make violets shake, and roses rock ;
Oh, then is seen your fairy crew.
In every tint of flowery hue.

But when the sun, with fainter eye,
Sinks far adown the southern sky ;
And nipping frost, and wintry blast,
Proclaim the reign of summer past :
All—all are gone, and like a dream
To us, those summer pageants seem.

And so in life, the passing fair,
And all of earth's creation rare,
Do, like the rainbow—heavenly sign—
Their fleeting beauty soon resign ;
And yet, oh yet, they leave behind
Their forms on the immortal mind !

THE CONTROVERSY.

ANONYMOUS. FROM "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

No plate had John and Joan to hoard—
Plain folks in humble plight—
One only tankard graced their board,
But that was fill'd each night.

Upon whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John took at first a moderate sup—
But Joan was not like John—
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she cared not a jot—
She loved to see that angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd,
And where the angel stood so plain,
He had a devil portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet still she stoutly quaff'd,
And when her lips once touch'd the ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John stood with wonder petrified,
His hair stood on his pate,
“And why dost guzzle now,” he cried,
“At that enormous rate?”

“Oh, John!” she said, “I'm not to blame.
I *can't in conscience* stop—
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the devil a drop.”

THE RIVULET.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, BORN AT CUMMINGTON,
IN MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER 3, 1794

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dress'd,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.

Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Pass'd o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deem'd should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon you hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have pass'd away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wander'd in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laugh'st at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;

And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore :
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth :
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sober'd eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and grey,
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date,)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call ;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.

But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass ;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

SONNET

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO WHALLEY ABBEY,
LANCASHIRE.

GEORGE RICHARDSON. FROM "PATRIOTISM: AND OTHER
POEMS." 1844.

THOU ancient temple of six hundred years !
Hoary with age, and in stern ruin grand,
Thy mossy-mantled arches proudly stand
Like monumental fanes which fate reveres ;
No pompous mass—nor monk nor vestal prayer,
Breaks, as of yore, upon thy calm repose,
For on the mouldering walls, where ivy grows,
The day-scared owlet finds its gloomy lair.—
A solemn awe pervades the sacred ground ;
The crumbled cloisters, and each hallow'd bed,

The verdant sepulchre, where sleep the dead
Give a dread silence to the scene around ;
Save 'neath thy walls, the Calder wends along,
Singing of man's frail lot, and Time's triumphant song !

THE GATE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

ANONYMOUS.

No traveller pass'd either early or late
By Tiverton bar, but would gaze for awhile
On the sweet little girl who open'd the gate,
And was sure to be paid by a beautiful smile.

The rich and the poor man admired with delight,
No yeoman around but had ardently sought her ;
The toast of the village was drank every night—
“The sweet little Mary, the gate-keeper's daughter.”

I then too was young, and was buoyant in soul,
And often would linger myself for awhile,
I thought it was heaven, whilst paying the toll,
To win from young Mary a beautiful smile.

I went t'other day—still the white bar was there,
I paid down the toll, and rode peevishly on,

I thought that the country look'd desert and bare,
For Mary, the gate-keeper's daughter, was gone.

I enquired of a peasant who journey'd that way,
Where Mary was flown to?—he bow'd his grey head,—
He spoke not a word—but I knew he would say
That Mary, the gate-keeper's daughter, was dead.

And sure 'twas a fact, she lay in the grave,
Far, far, from the lovers, who ardently sought her,
I remember'd the smiles she so prettily gave,
And wept, when I thought of the gate-keeper's daughter.

VERSES TO THE COMET OF 1811.

JAMES HOGG,

How lovely is this wilder'd scene,
As twilight from the vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep enbalm'd in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity.

Stranger of Heaven ! I bid thee hail '
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That fla-hest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurl'd ?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world ?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roam'd these thousand years ?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou seal'st the Milky Way—
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

O ! on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee,

And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Strauger of Heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then wheeling to the east away,
Seek the grey portals of the morn!

The Ettrick Shepherd was born January 25, 1772; he died at his house on the Banks of the Yarrow, November 21, 1835; and was buried in the churchyard adjoining the cottage where he first drew breath,

I BLESS THEE AS THOU SLEEPEST.

FROM THE "DOMESTIC HEARTH, AND OTHER POEMS,"
1843) BY MRS. ISABELLA CAULTON.

I BLESS thee, as thou sleepest, my beautiful, my child !
A joyful watch beside thy couch, my heart hath oft
beguiled,—

I gaze upon thy infant face, I kiss thy lineless brow,
And the gushings of a mother's love o'erflow mine eyes
e'en now.

Not two have been thy summers, my joyous one, my pet,
Thy mother's voice can soothe all thy baby troubles yet ;
No cloud hath overshadow'd thee, but what she can dispel,
And thy love and thy endearments repay her care full
well.

But there are years of future, which it may be thou wilt
see,

And then her arm be powerless, to ward off ill from thee ;
A shade may come upon thy brow, a dimness on thine eye,
And a weight of this world's misery, upon thy spirit lie.
Oh ! even as I gaze upon thy soft and rosy cheek,
A vision rises shadowing what other years may speak ;

Earth's sorrows bring their heavy loads, earth's joys their
soul's unrest,
And her glory, and her bravery, their thorns to wound
the breast.

I see before me all that train of busy hopes and fears,
Which first are bright and glittering, but close in bitter
tears;
Life's dearest treasures perish'd, her rainbow smiles
believed,—
God shield thee young and dear one, from all my vision
weaved.

Yea, holy thoughts breathe round thee; I know that He
can guide
Thy spirit's bark in safety, o'er temptation's foaming tide;
And when thy soul is heavy, and when thine hope is dim,
The comforting of faithfulness will surely come from Him.

Oh boy! my spirit bows me! He who gave, alone can tell
The yearning hopes o'erflowing from Love's undying
well;—
But Sleep's warm spell unlooses, again for me thou'st
smiled,
And to my heart I press thee, my beautiful, my child!

Mrs. Caulton emigrated with her family from Manchester to the Gold Regions, in the summer of 1853.

THE GRAVE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, BORN AT IRVINE, IN AYRSHIRE,
NOVEMBER 4, 1771.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish ;—O my Mother Earth !
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,— I rave ;
— Ah, who art thou whose voice I hear ?
—“ I am THE GRAVE !

“ The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found a tongue to chide at length ;
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By Death and Hell !

“ I charge thee LIVE ! repent and pray ;
In dust thy infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a mourner ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Enchanting days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“ O Live !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer ?—Hast thou seen
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck’d sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,
Live !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow ?

“ Live !—and repine not o’er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told ;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship’s gold.

“ Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“ Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

“ Live ' 'Twas a false bewildering fire ;
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye !
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

“ Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all His children feel ;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal !

“ Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise !—HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“ Now, traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground :

“ The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day !

“ The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.”

‘ James Montgomery, the poet, breathed his last on Sunday afternoon, April 30. 1854, at his residence, the Mount, Sheffield, aged 82. He presided at the weekly board of the Infirmary within a week of his death, and walked home, more than a mile. James Montgomery's rather was a Moravian missionary, and died in the West Indies while his son was being educated in Yorkshire. Montgomery wrote poetry as early as his twelfth year.

While yet a youth, he went to London, his heart full of hope, and his pockets full of poems. He there sought out a bookseller, who refused his verses, but made him a shopman. In 1792 he joined the *Sheffield Reporter*, of which he soon became the editor, the name, however, being afterwards changed to the *Iris*. It was on account of his ultra-liberal views expressed in this paper that he suffered imprisonment, in the days when the profession of liberalism was a crime. James Montgomery is the author of 'Prison Amusements,' published in 1797; the 'Ocean,' in 1805; the 'Wanderer in Switzerland,' in 1806; the 'West Indies,' in 1812. By these works he obtained his chief reputation. In 1819 appeared 'Greenland,' a poem in five cantos; in 1828, the 'Pelican Island,' and in 1835, 'A Poet's Portfolio.' In 1851 the whole of his works were issued in one volume, 8vo., of which two editions are in circulation; and in 1853, 'Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion.' The venerable poet enjoyed a well-deserved literary pension of £150 a-year.'

LINES FROM AN OLD VOLUME.

ANONYMOUS.

DEEP in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She founder'd long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin wall,
And many a curious dagger ;
But rust has spoil'd them all,

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With the red flag of Old England
To brave the stormy North ?

There were blessings pour'd upon her,
When from her port sail'd she,
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,
And joyous ones were they,
Dash'd but with fond remembrance
Of friends so far away.

Ah ! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip press'd kisses
On a beloved name.

How little those who read them
Deem'd far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave !

But how that brave ship perish'd
None knew, save Him on high ;
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
She sail'd far o'er the main—
We only know to England
She ne'er came back again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep ;
And years were spent in hoping
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore—
God rest those souls in heaven
Who met on earth no more !

The above was correctly copied from a newspaper-clipping pasted in my scrap-book many years ago. I have since discovered the same poem in the Literary Gazette for 1833, where it first appeared. The verses are there entitled "The Lost Ship," and bear the well-known initials L. E. L., consequently they are Mrs. Maclean's. How or why the newspaper scribe could clip off both head and tail, and transform the thing into anonymous "Lines from an old volume," is difficult to understand. It illustrates a system much in vogue, but which is unworthy of editors, who profess to correct the public taste. Wherever an author's piece goes by selection, his signature should follow by right.

A LIGHT ARTICLE.

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE "NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKER."

LIGHT was the maid, in light array'd, for light to her was
given,
From light she flew, and lightly, too, she'll light again in
heaven ;
No northern light was e'er so bright, no light could e'er be
brighter,
Her light-drawn sigh pass'd lightly by, as light as air, and
lighter.

The lights divine that lightly shine, in yonder lighten'd
skies,
Can ne'er excel the light that fell like lightning from her
eyes,
She lightly moved by all beloved, a light and fairy elf ;
Light was her frame, and light her name, for she was
Light itself !

HELLVELLYN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BORN IN EDINBURGH, AUGUST 15,
1771, DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, SEPTEMBER 21,
1832, BURIED IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and
wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou
start;
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedieam.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, (Mr. Charles Gough, of Manchester), perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

SONG.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. FROM THE SPANISH OF
IGLESIAS.

ALEXIS calls me cruel ;
The rifted erags that hold
The gather'd ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame ;

.

And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage ;
They cannot seek his hand.

WHY DO WE LOVE?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, BORN IN 1797, NEAR BATH ;
DIED AT CHELTENHAM, IN APRIL, 1839.

I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline ;
Once bore a heart as young—as warm—
As full of idle thoughts, as mine.

And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequal'd pure romance ;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
And think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before, or since.

Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penn'd in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days,
And maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss—each whisper, far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak.

Of prospects too untimely cross'd;
Of passion slighted, or betray'd;
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom'd but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay—
Elastic form, and noble brow;
And charms that all have pass'd away,
And left them what we see them now!

And is it so? Is human love
So very light, so frail a thing!
And must youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,

And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?

Ah, yes ! each path where lovers rove,
In shady groves or on the shore ;
If it can echo vows of love,
Hath echoed vows as fond before.

And other forms as fair as these,
Have glided down yon verdant glen ;
And other nymphs beneath the trees
Have heard the flattering words of men.

A strain as sweet as that which floats
Upon the breeze, o'er yonder wave,
By moonlight, rose from other boats,—
From lips now silent as the grave.

Then what are love's best visions worth,
If we, at length, must yield them thus ;
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long, must fade away from us ?

If that one being, whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all she said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy, when far from her ;

If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers, and is seen no more ;
Why do we love, if love be vain ?

Oh ! is it not because we love
 (Far more than beauty's fleeting worth)
The kindred soul which floats above
 The fair, yet fading flowers of earth ?

Because affection shuddering shrinks
 From the cold dust left mouldering here,
And 'midst his tears the mourner thinks,
 Of joy beyond this troubled sphere.

Yes ; if when beauty's dazzling mask
 Is gone, no other charms remain,
Well may the heart desponding ask—
 “ Why do we love, if love be vain ? ”

But 'tis not so. When we behold
 Death's faded victim, once so fair ;
The eye is dim—the lip is cold—
 But all we valued lies not there !

The name of Thomas Haynes Bayly was famous in its day ; and his strains serve to renew the memories of music passed away, and to revive in many a bosom the feelings with which, years ago, they listened to those words, breathed in sweet tones by some loved lips now cold and pale ; when they were a part of dreams which time and the world have dissipated.—*The Critic*.

THE HERMIT.

DR. JOHN BYROM, BORN AT KERSAL, NEAR MANCHESTER,
IN 1691, DIED SEPTEMBER 28, 1763.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he had got ;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I got there, the old hermit said, "Well,
Young man, by your looks you want something I see -
Come tell me the business which brings you to me."

"Why, hermit," I answered, "you say very true,
And I'll tell you the business which brings me to you ;
The way to be happy they say you have got,
As I wanted to learn it, I came to your grot ;
Now I beg and I pray, if you've got such a plan,
That you'll write it down for me as plain as you can."

Upon this, the old hermit soon took up his pen,
And he brought me these lines when he came back
again :—

“It is *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake ;
Now to *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man’s best,
And to *have* a good heart, is the way to be blest.”

THE FLOWER OF MALHAMDALE.

FROM “SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS,” BY ROBERT STORY.

HER form was like the fair sun-stream
That glances through the mists of noon—
Ah ! little thought we that its beam
Would vanish from our glens so soon !
Yet when her eye had most of mirth,
And when her cheek the least was pale,
They talk’d of purer worlds than earth—
She could not stay in Malhamdale !

The placid depth of that dark eye,
The wild-rose tint of that fair cheek—
Will still awake the long-drawn sigh,
While Memory of the past shall speak.
And we can never be but pain’d
To think, when gazing on that vale,
One angel more to Heaven is gain’d,
But one is lost to Malhamdale !

I may not tell what dreams were mine—
Dreams, laid in bright futurity—
When the full, soft, and partial shine
Of that fair eye was turn'd on me.
Enough, enough—the blooming wreath
Of Love, and Hope, and Joy, is pale ;
And now its withering perfumes breathe
O'er yon new grave in Malhamdale !

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, BORN AT BALTIMORE, IN THE UNITED
STATES, IN JANUARY 1811, DIED AT THE SAME
PLACE, OCTOBER 7, 1849.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door ;
“ ‘Tis some visitor,” I mutter'd, “tapping at my chamber
door—

Only this and nothing more.”

Ah ! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wish'd the morrow ; vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt
before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating

“ 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
'This it is and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no
longer,

“ Sir,” said I, “ or madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore ;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you” — ere I open'd wide
the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
 " Lenore !"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
 " Lenore !"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before,
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stay'd he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—

Perch'd and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said,
“art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the
nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore !”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no human living being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour ;

Nothing further then he utter'd ; not a feather then he
flutter'd—

Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, “Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before.”

Then the bird said, “Never more.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of ‘Never—never more.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel’d a cushion’d seat in front of bird and
bust and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking “never more.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn’d into my bosom’s
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining,

On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o’er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating
o’er

She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch !” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore !
Quaff, oh quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore !”

Quoth the Raven, “Never more !”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird
or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or tempest toss’d thee here ashore
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I
implore !”—

Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird
or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore,”

Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I
shriek’d, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting,

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming, throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor,

Shall be lifted—never more!

In our opinion, says Mr. N. P. Willis, “The Raven” is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those ‘dainties bred in a book’ which we *feed on*. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it.

HOW SLEEP THE DEAD.

FROM "SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS," BY ROBERT STORY.

How sleep the dead in yon churchyard,
Where chequering moonbeams purely fall ?
How sleep the dead beneath the sward ?
Calmly—softly—sweetly all !

In mute companionship they lie—
No hearts that ache, no eyes that weep !
Pain, sickness, trouble, come not nigh
The beds of those that yonder sleep.

Around, the world is passion-tost—
War, murder, crime, for ever reign ;
Of sacred peace alone may boast
The churchyard's undisturb'd domain.

The stormy sea of human life,
With all its surges, roars around ;
Their barrier-wall repels its strife—
No wave breaks o'er their hallow'd ground.

Around, the summer sun may scorch—
The dead feel not the sultry ray ;
Winter may howl in spire and porch—
The dead are reckless of his sway.

Thus sleep the dead in yon churchyard,
Where chequering moonbeams purely fall ;
Thus sleep the dead beneath the sward—
Calmly—softly—sweetly all !

THE BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1785.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well :
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

TO A COUGH.

On being ordered by physicians to pass the winter at Bourdeaux
 or Madeira, in consequence of a severe cough,

MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

“Ma'am, that is a *very bad* cough of yours,”

“Sir, I regret to say it is the *very best* I have ”

Do cease, hollow sound ! you alarm e'en the merry,—
 You banish all *spirit* away from “*pale Sheri*.”
 Strange ! that Sheri, in order with colour to glow,
 Must change to *Madeira* or else to *Bordeaux*.
 But since a long voyage seems the only resort,
 When at sea how *the Sheri* will long for the *Port* !

MORNING IN SUMMER.

ROBERT WOOD. FROM "BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL," 1842.

SEE, the mountains are gilded, the clouds dazzling bright,
And the curtain of mist drawn away,
As gay morning bursts out from the arms of old night,
To give all her charms to young day.

Now the moon veils her face, and the last lingering star
Shuts his lamp, and withdraws in disguise ;
While Apollo is yoking the steeds to his ear,
To run his swift course through the skies.

Now a bright stream of sunshine spreads over the plain ;
Yon hills are all bathed in the light,
While the billows which sparkle and foam on the main,
Are dancing with joy at the sight.

And the lily is drest in her grandest array,
Which she neither has toil'd for nor spun ;
While the young roses blush, half ashamed to display
Their beauties at first to the sun.

See, the shepherd is up, and has gone from his cot,
As cheerful and blithe as the morn ;
He has left his couch early, and why may he not
Think on late-rising sluggards with scorn ?

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from thy bed,
And hie to the hill to behold
The morning's fresh picture before thee outspread,
All framed with a margin of gold !

While the skylark is singing and mounting aloft,
Above all the musical throng ;
And while echo is blending in harmony soft,
The many new versions of song.

Then shall we not join in a chorus so sweet,
To praise the Creator above ;
Whose works are with wonder and wisdom replete,
And crown'd with his mercy and love.

THE PASSAGE.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave ;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried ;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger brighter form
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their days before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

“AN INDEPENDENT POET.—Uhland, the German poet, has refused to accept the Order of Merit offered him by the King of Prussia on the recommendation of Baron Humboldt. The reason he assigns is, that the king's government has persecuted his political friends. Uhland is a great liberal, and is a member of the Chamber of Representatives of Wurtemberg.” — *Manchester Advertiser*, January, 1854.

LOVE DIES NOT WITH BEAUTY.

WILLIAM GASPEY.

OH ! think not when Time shall have silver'd thy brow,
I shall love thee less fondly, dear Mary, than now ;
Nor believe that my ardent affection will fly
With the rose of thy cheek, or the light of thine eye ;
For in age, as in youth, thou a blessing wilt prove—
Beauty never departs from the woman we love.

Nay, dearest, say not, 'tween a sigh and a smile,
That my love, like thy charms, will but flourish awhile ;
When wrinkles shall steal o'er thy beautiful face,
And the mind can alone thy past loveliness trace,
I shall treasure thee more, for in thee shall I see
An angel, that stoops to be mortal for me !

MY SOLDIER BOY.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN, BORN IN JULY, 1794, AT CORK,
DIED AUGUST 19, 1842, BURIED AT WALTON-
ON-THAMES.

I Give my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashion'd well ;
Who first the glittering falchion sway'd,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know,
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood,
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun.
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.
H

The eye which mark'd its peerless edge,
The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise—
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heart-felt strains
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE COTTAGERS.

THOMAS HINDLE. FROM "LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL."

- "In a garden, hark thee, Willie,
Here's a tree and there's a tree,
Apple tree and rose tree;
Which wouldst thou the rather be,
Apple tree or rose tree?"
- "Oh, I know," wee Willie said,
Looking high above his head:
"I would be the apple tree—
The tall, the fruit-bowed apple tree."
- "In a garden, hark thee, Annie,
Here's a tree, and there's a tree,
Apple tree and rose tree;
Which wouldst *thou* the rather be,

Apple tree or rose tree?"
"Rather be!" sweet Annie cries,
Looking lively with her eyes;
"I would be the white rose tree —
The drooping, flower-crown'd white rose tree."

Aunie, Willie, in a cottage!
Both the trees remember still;
Apple tree and rose tree,
Fitting pair are Anu and Will;
Apple tree and rose tree!
He brings fruit and she brings flowers,
Cheerful days and joyous hours;
He and she live happily,
In the cottage on the lea.

Simple creatures, Annie, Willie!
What a world this world so fair;
Apple tree and Rose tree,
If like you its people were;
Apple tree and Rose tree!
Love's sweet works would glad the day,
Healthful Rest sleep night away;
All would be, as all should be,
A fruit-bowed, flower-crown'd, living tree.

GENEVIEVE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, BORN OCTOBER 20, 1772,
AT OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVONSHIRE, DIED AT
HIGHGATE, JULY 25, 1834.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the light of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,

And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shado,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay :

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng ;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside ;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears ; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride !

“Nearly twenty years ago Coleridge went to stay for a week with a medical friend, Mr. Gillman, at Highgate ; and, from a feeling of liberality and attachment rare indeed in our age, that gentleman made his house the home of Coleridge to the day of his death ! He was his guide, his physician, his generous host, and his warm friend throughout the whole period. On the morning of Friday, July 25, the last melancholy event took place, when the lamented poet had reached his sixty-second year ; and on Saturday the 2nd of August his remains, attended but by a few who had been long known to him, were interred in the vaults of Highgate church.”—*Literary Gazette*. 1834.

THE LONELY RUIN.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

By the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruin'd chapel round,
Buttress'd with a grassy mound,
Where Day and Night and Day go by,
And bring no touch or human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze ;

Day and Night and Day go by,
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day and Night and Day go by ;
Here the silence is most deep.

The chapel-runs, lapsed again
Into nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
As Day and Night and Day go by ;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;
And now, the graves are also dead ;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
While Day and Night and Day go by ;
And stars move calmly over head.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, BORN OCTOBER 21,
1762, DIED IN LONDON, OCTOBER 26, 1836.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face ;
Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated,
And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same : and the next, and the next
He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd ;
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny ;
'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a
guinea.'

The doctor look'd wise ; 'A slow fever,' he said ;
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaim'd Will, 'are humbugs !
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs !

Will kick'd out the doctor ; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So calling his host, he said, 'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago ?

Look'e, landlord. I think,' argued Will with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first *took me in* ;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hang'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord, 'Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years ; I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven !' says Will. Says the host, 'Why this
passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir ? 'Zounds !' cries Will, in a
taking,

'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking ?

Will paid for his rooms ; cried the host, with a sneer,
‘ Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year ?
‘ Friend, we can’t well agree ; yet no quarrel,’ Will said,
‘ But I’d rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*.’

TO THE CUCKOO.

* JOHN LOGAN, BORN AT SOUTRA, MID-LOTHIAN, IN
1748, DIED IN LONDON, DECEMBER, 1788.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

“Magical stanzas,” says D’Israeli, “of picture, melody,
and sentiment.”

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S EIGHTIETH YEAR.

MRS BARBAULD, BORN AT KIBWORTH HARCOURT, LEICESTERSHIRE, IN 1743, DIED MARCH 9, 1825.

When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet —
Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise —
How awful then it is to die !

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn, —
Ah ! then how easy 'tis to die !

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,

And vision'd glories half appear,—
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light, —
'Tis Nature's precious boon to die !

A SISTER'S INQUIRIES.

FROM "TRIFLES OF FANCY," BY WILLIAM MORT, 1832.

OH, tell me, brother, who is that
With a face so mild and bright ;
And beaming eyes that seem to emit
A clear and dazzling light ?
Whose foot doth bound so freely,
And whose fancy hath such scope :
Oh, tell me, brother, who is that ?
Her name, my love, is *Hope*.

And who is he that stalks along
In philosophic mood ;
Upon whose path some fairy form
The brightest flowers hath strew'd ?
Who seems so calm and innocent,
And guileless as a dove ;

Oh, tell me, brother, who is that?—

His name—his name is *Love*.

And who is yon that wandereth

So recklessly and lone ;

And from whose spirit issues forth

A deep and fearful moan ?

Whose eye is dark and heavy,

And whose brow seems worn with care :

Oh, tell me, brother, who is that?—

My love, it is *Despair*.

And who is he with aspect wild,

And forehead black as death :

With a serpent in his bosom,

And foul slander on his breath ?

Whose voice, like a magician,

Doth some hideous form create :

Oh, tell me, brother, who is he?—

That monster, love, is *Hate*.

And what is yonder form that doth

So fleetly glide along,

Like a spectre of the night, amid

The gay and idle throng ?

Who sweeps them all before him

Like a thunder-blast from heaven,

When the proud ones of the forest

By the lightning's flash are riven ?

Who is he ? Brother, tell me :—

He is one, my love, on whom

All thy happiness dependeth,
 From the cradle to the tomb :
 He is with thee in thy childhood,
 He'll attend thee in thy prime ;
 He's a shadow of futurity—
 His name, my love, is *Time*.

But there is One still mightier—
 The monarch of the grave !
 The vanquisher of nations,
 And the conqueror of the brave !
 Oh, learn, my love, whilst living,
 So to spend thy fleeting breath,
 That at last, without a shudder,
 Thou may'st meet thy foe-man *Death* !

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

JOHN LEYDEN, BORN AT DENIHOLM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
 ABOUT 1775, DIED AT BATAVIA, AUGUST 28, 1811.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm ;
The jackall's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on Fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave ;
The darling thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer :
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine ;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true !

I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart ; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave.

Ha ! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne ?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey ;
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn !
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay !

There is so much of true genius, and poetic feeling of the highest order, in the "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin," that I cannot withstand the temptation of enriching my barren pages with so beautiful a gem. This Ode of Doctor Leyden's, in my opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting, and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to that sympathy, which such lines must awaken, to reflect that the spirit that dictated them has fled.—*Lacon.*

TO-MORROW.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. (WRITTEN IN HER EIGHTIETH
YEAR.)

SEE where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn ;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfill'd
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises ;
But do not thou
The tale believe,
They're sisters all,
And all deceive.

OH, BEAUTIFUL STAR!

FROM "ANGEL VISITS: AND OTHER POEMS," BY
JAMES RIDDALL WOOD, 1840.

OH beautiful star, with thine aspect of light,
Adorning eternity's mantle of blue,
Were thy silvery features more lovely and bright
When they smiled on the scene while the world was yet
new?

Oh! I who address thee am but of a day,
And to-morrow thy fadeless and radiant eye
Shall witness me wither and vanish away,
And smile on my grave from thy throne in the sky.

But though fix'd to one time, like a point in vast space,
My soul is unpinion'd, and frequent doth cast
A glance o'er the gloom of the future, or trace
The varied events that have peopled the past.

Thou hast seen,—thou hast seen, in thy deathless career,
Far more than the records of ages have told;
Thou shalt see, from thy distant and shadowy sphere,
What few but thyself and thy Maker behold.

Oh, tell me, wert thou of that glorious throng
That witness'd creation's bright beauties unfurl'd ?
That thrill'd to the music, and joined in the song,
When the morning stars welcomed the birth of the
world ?

Then man was instinct with celestial fire,
And Nature was graced with perennial bloom ;
Now these are exchanged for the thorn and the briar,
The bed of affliction, the mourner, the tomb.

Didst thou see the wild flood in its horrible sweep
Roll proudly, and usher the world to its grave ?
Didst thou, when the ark was alone on the deep,
First whisper of hope o'er the desolate wave ?

When the armies of midnight were marshall'd on high,
And earth with her children to slumber was given,
Didst thou witness the Bethlehem shepherds draw nigh,
And list the melodious pæans of heaven ?

And haply thy mild and ethereal ray
In the east where it rose was arrested till morn,
Inviting the Chaldean Magi away
To the lowly retreat where the Saviour was born.

Again wert thou call'd to look earthward, and lo !
There were darkness, and earthquakes, and thunderings
dire ;
The sun had withdrawn from the vision of woe,
And man,—only man, saw the Saviour expire.

I too must behold him when time shall be done,
The angels his train, and the lightnings his car ;

The earth shall be burn'd, and extinguish'd the sun ;
And thou too shalt perish, "Oh, beautiful star !"

JEANIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, BORN IN GLASGOW, 1797,
BURIED IN THE CEMETERY OF THAT CITY IN 1835.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never,—never can forget
The luvè o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
When first fond luvè grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears !
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up.
The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luv't ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time !—sad time !—twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
No lear ilk ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed.
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the bras—
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life ! oh, mornin' luve !
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,

When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms, sprang !

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon ;
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison.
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee

As closely twined wi' earliest thochts

As ye hae been to me ?

Oh ! tell me gin their music fills

Thine ear as it does mine ;

Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit

Wi' dreamings o' langsyne !

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,

I've borne a weary lot ;

But in my wanderings, far or near,

Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart

Still travels on its way ;

And channels deeper as it rins

The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,

Since we were sinder'd young,

I've never seen your face, nor heard

The music o' your tongue ;

But I could hug all wretchedness,

And happy could I dee,

Did I but ken your heart still dream'd

O' bygane days and me !

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

A ROMANTIC SPOT IN THE DARGLE, COUNTY
WICKLOW.

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE.

OH ! have you not heard of that dark woody glen,
Where the oak-leaves are richest and rarest—
Where Connal, the chief and foremost of men,
Loved Eily, of maidens the fairest ?
She plighted her faith, but as quickly withdrew,
At a story that slander'd her lover :—
She left him in wrath, but how little she knew
That her peace at their parting was over !

He met her in vale, and he met her in grove,—
At midnight he roam'd by her dwelling ;
But he said not a word of the truth of his love,
For his cheek the sad story was telling '—
He found her one eve by the rock in the glen,
Where she once vow'd to love him for ever,—
He gazed, till she murmur'd “ Dear Connal,” and then
He leap'd from the rock to the river !

The summer pass'd on, and the chief was forgot,—
 But one night when the oak-leaves were dying,
 There came a sad form to that desolate spot,—
 'Neath which the brave Connal was lying.
 She gazed on the brown swelling stream 'mid the rocks,
 As she lean'd the wild precipice over:—
 She look'd a farewell to the glen of the oaks,
 And Eily was soon with her lover !

The *Critic* for July 26th, 1845, announces the death of Mr. Wade, in the following terms:—"It is with deep emotion we record the deplorable death of this accomplished individual; a fine musician, a pleasing poet, and no mean scholar. He died at his lodgings, 340, Strand, under the most distressing circumstances, having suffered a long and severe illness, ending in mental derangement, brought on by incessant study, and, we fear, by habits or feelings which made the destructive resource of opium but too acceptable. Mr. Wade's musical compositions and poetical and other literary productions were of a high and pure order, nearly allied to that genius which is too much for the oppressed mind to struggle with. He has left a widow and two children utterly destitute, threatened with an execution for rent, and without the means of burying his remains !"

An appropriate addenda to this note will be found in the following verses from Mr. Wade's Last Choice :—

" So lay me in that pleasant grave,
 All cover'd o'er with green ;
 Though wrong'd through lifetime, I would have
 My tomb as if I'd been

A happy thing, and sweets were strewn
Upon my sleep, to shew
That I had never sorrow known,
Had never tasted woe !
I like the mockery that flowers
Exhibit on the mound,
Beneath which lie the happy hours
Hearts dreamt, but never found !”

WHO DARE TO DIE ?

EDWIN HENRY BURRINGTON

THERE'S a light that shineth, a lamp that burneth
Before the brave,
And he is the slave of time who turneth
Back from the grave.
By sword or flood, by fire or wave,
When glares Death's eye,
All under the sun, who have great deeds done,
Will dare to die.

Will the monarch quit his lofty throne,
That costly thing,
And shrink not to wrestle with death alone—
A king with a king ?

Ay, he will dare the chance of the ring,
As well he can,
If he hath lived, and himself believed
Less King than *man*.

Will the beggar in his rags dare death ?
Yes—if his mind
Be free from fraud when he weeping saith—
“ Oh, pray be kind—
I have left many dying ones behind
Dying for bread !”
With a Christian’s faith, what is there in death
That *he* should dread ?

Will the gaudy-plumed warrior fear to die,
Who, hand in hand,
Hath walk’d with death, and heard his loud cry,
On sea and land ?
Where death is so *red* he may fear not his brand,
But after the fight,
It is well for his errors if death hath no terrors
When death is *white*.

Will the poet or prophet—for both are one—
Like others dare ?
Ay, more ! for his love, like the light of the sun,
Shines everywhere.
And he who gives love, treads the first white stair
Towards the sky,
And well he may write, in his upward flight,
“ I dare to die !”

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY, BORN 1594, DIED 1666.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;

Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

"This finest production of Shirley occurs in one of his dramas. The piece is said to have been greatly admired by Charles II. The thoughts are elevated, and the expression highly poetical."

Chambers' English Literature.

COMPASSION.

NER GARDINER.

LONELY, where a fountain wells,
Soft Compassion meekly dwells ;
Care comes there with loads of grief,
Kind Compassion lends relief,
Calms his sorrow, bathes his feet,
Yields to him her mossy seat,
Pours her balmy wine and oil,
Into his heart, to soothe his toil.

Anguish next, with clasped hands,
At the fount unconscious stands,
O'er her neck and shoulders fair
Streams her wild dishevell'd hair,
All seems terror in her soul,
Pangs on pangs in tumult roll,
Madness seems the dread release ;
Then, Compassion murmurs,—peace.

Sorrow now comes drooping by,
Oh ! the langour of her eye,
Mark her cheek, how calm and pale,
Ah ! it tells a mournful tale ;
As beside the fount she stands,
Tears roll dropping to the sands,
Then Compassion dries her tears,
Whispering comfort in her ears.

Who comes now, with dove-like eyes,
Calmly lifted to the skies,
Whose mild features yet disclose
Traces of a thousand woes ;
On whose forehead dwell enshrined
Spiritual triumph ! Godlike mind !
Compassion,—though almost divine,—
Religion needs no aid of thine.

From "Sacred Poems :—" a small volume, written and published for the benefit of the Ancoats Bazaar, Manchester, in 1840.

EPITAPH,
FOR THE TABLET IN MEMORY OF THE MARQUIS
OF ANGLESEY'S LEG.

THOMAS GASPEY.

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave,
Is laid—a British *calf*,

For he who writes these lines is sure,
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh were premature,
For here, too, lies a *sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five;
Unheeded by their brother *toes*,
Who all are now *alive*.

A *leg* and *foot*, to speak more plain,
Lie here, of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.

Who when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *leg-bail*.

And now in England, just as gay—
As in the battle brave—
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here shew'd her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm ;
And when she lopp'd the hero's leg,
By no means sought his *h-arm*.

And but indulged a harmless whim ;
Since he could walk with one,
She saw *two legs* were lost on him,
Who never meant to *run*.

At Beaudesert, the seat of the Noble Marquis, part of the cloth of the trowsers worn on the leg which was shot off, at the moment when his lordship received his wound, is preserved : in which all the marks of the bullets are seen, and it is in the same splashed state as when removed from the noble soldier's person at Waterloo. — *Magy-Coloured Life*.

THE SONG OF HEALTH.

EDWIN HENRY BURRINGTON.

My wing is touch'd with rosy light, I fly o'er wave and
strand ;
The seamen and the landmen laugh, to shake me by the
hand ;
I have my fancies like a prince, and sup with whom I
please,
I'm changing as the April clouds and fickle as its
breeze.
Sometimes, when men for love of gold desire an old man's
death,
I touch him with my fairy wand and lengthen out his
breath ;
For never should the upstart young usurp their father's
chair,—
Oh ! mine is such a bonny life of sport the new and rare !

I made a child's blue eye more blue, his mother smooth'd
his hair,
And joy came rushing to her heart as she said, " My child-
thou'rt fair ;"

Faith with the loved and beautiful I cannot always keep,
So when the boy laid down his head, I left him in his
sleep ;

Then came a spirit from the tomb and flutter'd round his
cheek ;

He pass'd his shady pencil there and left the cold death-
streak.

Where on earth can one be found like me, so doubly kind ;
For when I take the red rose off, I leave the white behind.

An old crone witch'd a peasant girl, so village newssers
said,

And I, to share the frolic, from the timid witch'd one fled ;
Men flung the old dame in a pond, bound tightly with a
chain—

She sank, and laughing I return'd unto the maid again.
I smile to see the sickly strive to counterfeit my form,
To make a cold and bloodless cheek look beautiful and
warm ;

But let them mock me with their *rouge*, for when I once
depart,

They mimic me upon the *cheek*, but not so in the *heart*.

I ride upon the morning air, the whirlwind is my broom,
Which sweeps away the pestilence to give me light and
room ;

When cold rains lie upon the ground, and comes the wild-
storm shock,

I creep into a thick great coat, or in a soft warm sock,
No minstrel ever strung his harp who decks the fields like
I,

I build my emerald temples there when summer wanders
by ;
I stir the mighty intellect, and nations rise or fall—
I am that earthly Deity, the light and love of all !

THE LOST PATH.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
All comfort else has flown ;
For every hope was false to me,
And here I am, alone.
What thoughts were mine, in early youth !
Like some old Irish song,
Brimful of love, and light, and truth,
My spirit gush'd along.

I hoped to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name—
Oh ! little have I served my land,
No laurels press my brow,
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honours now.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wealth and crown,
And woman's love, the self-same hour
It smites oppression down.
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
I have no joy beside ;
Oh ! throng around, and be to me
Power, country, fame, and bride.

THE GIFT OF POESY.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

APOLLO laid his lyre upon a stone—
The stone was seized with music, and the touch
Of mortal could awake the god's own tone
For ever after. Marvel ye not much :
Wherever God may choose, or man may dwell,
This is an ever acting miracle.

When once the gift of Godlike poesy
Hath touch'd the heart, it answers everything
In its own tongue, but in a harmony
Instinct with heaven. Let the world then fling
Its arms of honour round the poet's breast,
And heaven shall hear earth's music, and have rest.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, BORN AT BRISTOL, AUGUST 12, 1774,
DIED AFTER A RESIDENCE OF NEARLY 40 YEARS,
AT GRETA HALL, MARCH 21, 1843, BURIED IN
CROSTHWAITE CHURCHYARD, NEAR KESWICK.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops in the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he ;

And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it
And bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ?” quoth he,
“ For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life,

“ Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply ;
“ But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornishman, “ many a time
Drank of this crystal well ;
And before the angel summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“ If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

- “ But if the wife should drink it first,
God help the husband then !”
The stranger stoop’d to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.
- “ You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes !”
He to the Cornishman said :
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head :
- “ I hasten’d as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But, i’ faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”
-

THE LAND OF FAME.

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE “AMERICAN MISCELLANY.”

Few pierce this limbo-land of cloud,
But doff their armour for the shroud,
And leave, to cheer their comrades on,
Their trophies—and their skeleton !

Yet inroads on this gloomy realm,
That mists and shawdows overwhelm,

Are made ; for all that Truth would hail,
Must force this frontier line, or fail.

And through this vestibule have pass'd
All master minds ; the first as last,
And inch by inch, and day by day,
Have cut their road, or fought their way.

REFLECTIONS.

EMILY BRONTE, DIED DECEMBER, 19, 1848.

A LITTLE while, a little while,
The weary task is put away,
And I can sing and I can smile,
Alike, while I have holiday.

Where wilt thou go my harass'd heart—
What thought, what scene invites thee now ?
What spot, or near or far apart,
Has rest for thee, my weary brow ?

There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,
Where Winter howls, and driving rain ;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome ;
But what on earth is half so dear—
So long'd for—as the hearth of home !

The mute bird sitting on the stone ;
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all !

till, as I mused, the naked room,
The alien firelight died away ;
And from the midst of cheerless gloom
I pass'd to bright, unclouded day.

A little and a lone green lane
That open'd on a common wide ;
A distant, dreamy, dim, blue chain
Of mountains circling every side.

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hush'd an air ;
And—deepening still the dream-like charm—
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

That was the scene, I knew it well ;
I knew the turfy pathway's sweep,
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,
Mark'd out the tracks of wandering sheep.

Could I have linger'd but an hour,
It well had paid a week of toil :

But truth has banish'd fancy's power ;
Restraint and heavy task recoil.

Even as I stood with raptured eye,
Absorb'd in bliss so deep and dear,
My hour of rest had fled by,
And back came labour, bondage, care.

THE NIGHT WIND.

EMILY BRONTE.

In summer's mellow midnight
A cloudless moon shone through
Our open parlour-window,
And rose-trees wet with dew.

I sat in silent musing ;
The soft wind waved my hair ;
It told me heaven was glorious,
And sleeping earth was fair.

I needed not its breathing
To bring such thoughts to me ;
But still it whisper'd lowly,
"How dark the woods will be !

“ The thick leaves in my murmur
Are rustling like a dream,
And all their myriad voices
Instinct with spirit seem.”

I said, “ Go, gentle singer,
Thy moving voice is kind :
But do not think its music
Has power to reach my mind.

“ Play with the scented flower,
The young tree’s supple bough,
And leave my human feelings
In their own course to flow.”

The wanderer would not heed me ;
Its kiss grew warmer still.
“ O come !” it sigh’d so sweetly ;
“ I’ll woo thee ’gainst thy will.

“ Were we not friends from childhood ?
Have I not loved thee long ?
As long as thou, the solemn night,
Whose silence wakes my song ?

“ And when my heart is resting
Beneath the church-aisle stone,
I shall have time for mourning,
And *thou* for being alone.”

* * * * *

Ay—there it is ! it wakes to-night
Deep feelings I thought dead ;

Strong in the blast—quick gathering light—
The heart's flame kindles red.

“ Now I can tell by thy alter'd cheek,
And by thine eyes' full gaze,
And by the words thou scarce dost speak,
How wildly fancy plays.

“ Yes —I could swear that glorious wind
Has swept the world aside,
Has dash'd its memory from thy mind
Like foam-bells from the tide :

“ And thou art now a spirit pouring
Thy presence into all :
The thunder of the tempest's roaring,
The whisper of its fall :

“ An universal influence,
From thine own influence free ;
A principle of life—intense—
Lost to mortality,

“ Thus truly, when that breast is cold,
Thy prison'd soul shall rise ;
The dungeon mingle with the mould—
The captive with the skies.
Nature's deep being thine shall hold,
Her spirit all thy spirit fold,
Her breath absorb thy sighs.
Mortal ! though soon life's tale is told,
Who once lives, never dies !”

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

EMILY BRONTE.

LOVE is like the wild rose-briar ;
Friendship like the holly-tree.
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms,
But which will bloom most constantly ?

The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air ;
Yet wait till winter comes again,
And who will call the wild-briar fair ?

Then, scorn the silly rose-wreath now,
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
That, when December blights thy brow,
He still may leave thy garland green.

SONG.

EMILY BRONTE.

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells,
That hide my lady fair :

The wild deer browse above her breast ;
The wild birds raise their brood ;
And they her smiles of love caress'd
Have left her solitude.

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Uncheck'd through future years ;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears ?

Well let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep,
Till sorrow's source were dry.
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh.

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

The foregoing pieces were composed at twilight, in a schoolroom on the Continent, when the leisure of the evening play-hour brought back in full tide the thoughts of home. My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best loved was—liberty. One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's hand-writing. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me,—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy, and elevating. The fixed conviction I held, and

hold, of the worth of these poems has not indeed received the confirmation of much favourable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding.—*Literary Remains of Emily Bronte, by the author of "Jane Eyre."*

OH ! BEAR ME AWAY.

FREDERICK KEMPSTER. FROM THE "MANCHESTER
KEEPSAKE," 1844.

OH ! bear me away to some quiet spot
Where life's unrest may be soon forgot,
Where the freshening dew on the glittering ground
Is the only tear that Time hath found,—
To some sylvan cloister, rapture-fraught,
The nursery of priceless thought,
Where grief may bask in fancy's ray,—
To some quiet spot, oh ! bear me away.

The echoing mirth of Pleasure's throng,
The reckless tone of the reveller's song,
The lustrous links of beauty's chain,
Are things which alike allure in vain,—
Where nature's hand a couch has spread,
Where the balm of peace o'er all is shed,
Where grief may bask in fancy's ray,—
To some quiet spot, oh ! bear me away.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

A HUNDRED years ! and still and low
Will be my sleeping head ;
A hundred years ! and grass will grow
Above my dreamless bed.
The grass will grow ; the brook will run ;
Life still as fresh and fair
Will spring in beauty 'neath the sun ;
Where will my place be ?—where ?

A hundred years ! some briefer space
My life perchance had spann'd ;
But ere they lapse my feet must pass
Within the Silent Land.
While on the plains the lasting hills,
In shadow and in shine,
Still dial Time's slow chronicles,
What record will be mine ?

A hundred years ! O yearning heart !
O spirit true and brave !
With Doubt and Death thou hast no part,
No kindred with the grave !

For we shall last as lasts the earth,
And live as lives the sun,
And we shall know that death is birth,
Ere a hundred years have run.

“ The above sweet little poem is quoted from a small volume of Poetry by Anna Blackwell, sister of Doctress Elizabeth Blackwell, in the United States. The two ladies are both English born, and the Poetess is resident in England, where she shines as one of the many stars that decorate the firmament of English Literature.’

GRONGAR HILL.

JOHN DYER, BORN AT ABERGLASSLYN, CARMARTHEN-
SHIRE, IN 1700, DIED JULY 24, 1758.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man ;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;

Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made ;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !

No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads ;
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes !
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-leaf'd boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;

So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;

The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;

While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain you search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side :
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

With the exception of Gray's "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard," perhaps no poem has been so frequently imitated as Dyer's "Grongar Hill;" and this is no marvel, for its beauties are manifold.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

THOMAS HOOD. FROM "WHIMS AND ODDITIES."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go :
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

LOVE.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, BORN AT WIGAN, IN
LANCASHIRE, JUNE 21, 1808.

LOVE is an odour from the heavenly bowers,
Which stirs our senses tenderly, and brings
Dreams which are shadows of diviner things
Beyond this grosser atmosphere of ours.
An oasis of verdure and of flowers,
Love smileth on the pilgrim's weary way ;
There fresher airs, there sweeter waters play,
There purer solace speeds the quiet hours.
This glorious passion, unalloy'd, endowers
With moral beauty all who feel its fire ;
Maid, wife, and offspring, brother, mother, sire,
Are names and symbols of its hallow'd powers.
Love is immortal :—from our hold may fly
Earth's other joys, but Love can never die !

FIRST LOVE.

FROM "THE MODERN ORLANDO," PUBLISHED ANONY-
MOUSLY AT LONDON, IN 1846.

FEW hearts have *never* loved ; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion ; *none* a third !
The first was living fire ; the next, a thrill !
The weary heart can never more be stirr'd ;
Rely on it, the song has left the bird !
— All's for the best,—The fever and the flame,
The pulse, that was a pang ; the glance, a sword ;
The tone, that shot like lightning through the frame,
Can *shatter* us no more :—the rest is but a name !

MONKS.

FROM "THE MODERN ORLANDO."

ITS monks ! Yet what have I to do with monks ?
 Cumberers of earth ; but made to sleep and die ;
 In life's green forestry, the wither'd trunks ;
 (Not seldom "hogs of Epicurus' sty ;")
 I doubt if I should give a single sigh
 If their whole race were in their churchyards flung.
 How could I live and breathe (I'd scorn to try)
 Without the silver sound of woman's tongue ;
 Life's *sal volatile*, that lyre for ever strung !

Three-fourths of all I saw were born to ploughs,
 Or destined, spade in hand, to "mend our ways ;"
 But 'twas much pleasanter to make their vows
 To walk the world in petticoats of baize ;
 Living on alms ; their years all holidays !
 Huge caterpillars basking in the sun,
 Or fixing, in wild reveries, their gaze
 On the rich features of some sainted nun :
 Rome, Rome ! it is not *thus* that life's high deeds are
 done.

But then—"They look so pious and pathetic ;
 So tansured, sack-clothed, sallow, and resign'd ;"
 Inquire in London, "Wanted an Ascetic ;"
 The "Times" will find you hundreds to your mind,
 Ay, thousands, all as piously inclined
 To eat and drink for nothing all their lives
 As any monk that ever dozed or dined :
 Ready to trick their debtors, 'scape their wives,
 Wear cowls and cant, and fill with dronship all your
 lives.

REFLECTIONS.

FROM "THE MODERN ORLANDO."

MUST earth be toil, and be *for ever* toil ?
 Must war, and want, and cold, and clay, be man ?
 Year upon year but changes of turmoil ;
 Hearts sick, and faces with heartsickness wan !
 I wish some hand, alert at the trepan,
 Would give *my* brain a "bump" for gown or cowl ;
 A taste for monkism ; life without a plan ;
 The nearest to the *status* of an owl ;
 Yet what is human life ?—the odds are for the fowl !

What if your owl has neither child nor wife?

Per contra, he has all his own dear will!

What if he leads a somewhat mopish life?

He pays no income-tax, no Bond-street bill;

No monarch sends him to be kill'd or kill!

What if his wing with midnight-walks is wet?

No magistrate can send him to "the mill;"

He has no hard-work'd conscience "to be let!"

Your owl is never drunk, in dungeon, or in debt!

'Tis true he now and then sits *rather* late;

But 'tis for business, and that business sport!

He never hears a sixteen hours' debate

On herrings, hogsheads, and the price of port.

He 'scapes Whig wit and Treasury retort;

(Owl as he is, he's not in Parliament!)

Nor cares a bean who's "*in*" or "*out*" at court;

Nor trembles if the funds fall cent per cent;

Nor, like your Irish lords, get bullets for his rent!

Yes, give me but my choice, I'd be a bird;

But it must be an osprey—a sea-King!

Wherever gale awoke or billow stirr'd

Breasting the tempest; ever on the wing;

Steering, when winter frown'd, to seek the spring,

By "vext Bermoothes," or some Indian shore.

Then, tired of sunshine, on the whirlwind fling

My broad black pinion for my sail and oar,

'Till once again I heard my northern surges roar.

Then I should colonise; choose some bright spot,

Some nobler Kilda, in some mightier main;

Where, though men might be eaten, birds might *not*;

Nor idle lordlings fill their bags with slain.

Then, looking down with dignified disdain
On man, the wretch ! the sport of winds and waves !

Throned on my promontory's granite chain,
Scoff at the world's *unfeather'd* tribe of slaves,
Toiling to find at best but coroneted graves !

Or I should take my tour—that tour the world !

My road the clouds ; my gallopers the wind !
What were your boilers to my plumes unfurl'd,
Making five hundred miles before I dined ?

No beggar passport *my* bold path to bind,
(That pettiest privilege of petty kings—

Those well-dress'd men, whom all conspire to blind ;)
Taking my “bird's eye view” of men and things,
Teaching the world the grand supremacy of wings !

DREAMS.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. FROM “FESTUS.”

THE dead of night : earth seems but seeming—
The soul seems but a something dreaming.
The bird is dreaming, in its nest,
Of song, and sky, and loved one's breast ;
The lap-dog dreams, as round he lies,
In moonshine of his mistress' eyes :

The steed is dreaming, in his stall,
Of one long breathless leap and fall :
The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings
Wide as the skies he may not cleave :
But waking, feels them clipt, and clings
Mad to the perch, 'twere mad to leave :
The child is dreaming of its toys—
The murderer of calm home joys ;
The weak are dreaming endless fears—
The proud of how their pride appears :
The poor enthusiast who dies,
Of his life dreams the sacrifice—
Sees, as enthusiast only can,
The truth that made him more than man ;
And hears once more, in vision'd trance,
That voice commanding to advance,
Where wealth is gain'd—love, wisdom won,
Or deeds of anger dared and done.
The mother dreameth of her child—
The maid of him who hath beguiled—
The youth of her he loves too well ;
The good of God—the ill of Hell, —
Who live of death—of life who die—
The dead of immorality.

If all written poetry, except *Festus*, was blotted out, in *Festus* there would still remain sufficient thought to rekindle in other poets what was lost. We feel that *Festus* is not sufficiently understood—that Mr. Bailey is not sufficiently known, although he is the greatest grasper of poetic symbols, and poetic passion, that the age has produced.—*Critic*.

THE MIGHTY DEAD.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, THE AMERICAN PAINTER,
BORN IN SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1779.

As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part !

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality.

THE NEGLECTED BARD.

GEORGE SMITH. FROM "THE CITY MUSE," 1853.

CHILD of the Lyre, 'tis hard of thee to sing
When stern reverses bind thy soaring wing,
Bind it to earth—and yet there's beauty there,
Food for the mind, as delicate and rare
As poets need to banquet on ; a store
Thou may'st partake until the soul runs o'er.
And yet 'tis sad for Genius to behold
The eyes of soulless men, all calm and cold,
Pass o'er the beauties of his written thought,
So feelingly, so musically wrought,
Woven and interwoven with each change
Of the blest seasons, in their varied range
Of bud, and flower, and fruit of many hues
Pendant above the fructifying dews ;
Of cloudless noon, of crimson sunset fair,
Of twilight's hallow'd hour, of silent prayer ;
When his serene, aspiring thoughts ascend
From purest source of worship, thence to blend
With all that's beautiful in earth and skies,
Shrined in his soul, and mirror'd in his eyes.

Retard his dreamy flight, he back recoils
To sordid earth's contaminating toils ;
A space too narrow, his aspiring mind
Would leap the clouds, and grapple with the wind,
Mix with the rainbow, revel in the storm,
And mould its power to every hue and form :
Would chase the moon and stars athwart the night,
And then emerging from the dreamy light
Of clustering clouds, like snowdrifts tinged with gold,
Still yearn new charms and wonders to behold ;
Bathe in the fountains of celestial fire
And wake to louder voice the music of his lyre.

Inspiring hope bursts into loftier song,
More cheering, more exalting, and more strong
In thought poetic, or in pathos fine,
Than e'er was breathed from lowly lyre of mine.
How thrilling, throbbing, piercing, yet refined
His boundless genius rushes like the wind
Through mountain passes, deep, dark, lone, and wild,
Then sinks to quiet, like a weary child.
Still in his soul a plaintive voice is heard,
Ascending from the depths of hope deferr'd
By the cold world's neglect, or scornful look
Of men who see no beauty in the book
Of nature or of poet ; men who find
More glory in their gold than all the realms of mind.

Gloomy incentives to a soul embued
With all the poetry of gratitude,
That spiritual music of his lyre,
Which, but for hope, in silence would expire ;
Now that lone harp, in many a bitter pang,
Wails in its master's woe, where once it sweetly sang.

FLORENCE VANE.

FROM "FROISSART BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS," BY
PHILIP PENDLETON COKE, OF WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

I LOVED thee long and dearly
 Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again ;
I renew in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain,
My hope and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story
 At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excell'd the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane !

But fairest, coldest wonder,
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day !
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken Love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep ;
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep ;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

THE CONTRAST.

FROM "LYRA URBANICA ; OR THE SOCIAL EFFUSIONS
OF THE CELEBRATED CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS,
OF THE LATE LIFE GUARDS."

IN London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that ;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, God help me ! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night ;
Oh ! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope ;
What harm though it pour whole nights and whole days !
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields ;

Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A bore may be dropp'd, and a quiz may be cut :
We change without end ; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd like a pail in the park,
To some stick of a neighbour that's cramm'd in the ark ;
And 'tis odd, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat ;
Our morning's a round of good humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly ! our visits we make,
Through ten miles of mud, for formality's sake ;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright ;
We've ever new joys, and revived by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country ! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night !
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural objects we see.

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
And as to that old-fashion'd virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like saturn in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
Just to show us the object we want is n't there :
Oh, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes !

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief to the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last effort we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for novelty's sake !

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet ;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel ?

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet :
That's to come—for as yet I, alas ! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please ;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh ! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about ;
But in London, thank heaven ! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know Love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye ;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die ;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

BOOTLESS AMBITION.

JOHN CAMERON. FROM "THE TRIAL OF THE MANCHESTER
BARDS AND THE BOWDON CORONATION," 1853.

To feel within the stirrings of the power
To bless the world ; to wish our thoughts had wings
To sweep the world ; to wish that we were kings
In royal-wise, to give a royal dower ;
A God, to charge with blessings the swift hour ;
To climb in dreams the glorious heights of hope ;
To have the will to do, without the scope—
'Tis this that makes the sunniest day to lower ;
'Tis this that makes the Sisyphus of song
Rolling his stone for ever up the hill

No fable, but an ever-living truth :
No tale to him the man of purpose strong,
No tale to credulous and aspiring youth
That strives to set the right above the wrong.

CHANGES.

ZARACH. FROM THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

A CHILD is playing on the green,
With rosy cheek and radiant mien ;
But sorrow comes—the smile's departed,
He weeps as he were broken-hearted :
But see, ere yet his tears are dry,
Again his laugh trills wild and high ;
As lights and shades each other chase.
So pain and joy flit o'er his face ;
And nought shall have the power to keep
His eyes one moment from their sleep :
And such was I.

A youth sits with his burning glance
Turn'd upward to heaven's blue expanse :
What is it o'er his pale cheek flushing ?
What thought has set the life-blood gushing ?

It is of many a deed sublime
That he will do in future time—
Of many a struggle to be past,
Repaid by deathless fame at last;
He thinks not on the moments gone—
He lives in fiery hope alone :
And such was I.

Sunken those eyes, and worn that brow,
Yet more of care than years they show :
There's something in that cheek revealing
The bosom-wound that knows no healing ;
He lives, and will live on, and smile,
And thoughts he cannot lose beguile ;
He'll shun no duty, break no tie—
But *his* star's fallen from the sky.
Oh ! pitying heaven, the wretch forgive
That bears, but wishes not to live :
And such am I.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

J. W. LAKE.

BLESS thee, my child ! thy beauty throws
A lustre round thy mother's grief—
Like morning on the mountain snows,
Or moonlight on the fading leaf !

Bless thee, my child ! thy cheeks are fair
As lilies by the storm unbent,
The hue of innocence is there,
And I, like thee, was innocent !

Bless thee, my child ! thy crimson blush
Is like the opening smile of May
When roses hang on every bush—
O may it ne'er be swept away !

ODE TO TIME.

CHARLES DAVLIN. FROM "THE CITY MUSE," 1853.

'Twas night, and somewhat dark, the hour was late,
A trifle out of tune, as lone I sat
To coax the midnight muse, to carp at fate,
Or twist a thread from something; but from what
I knew not, till reflecting that the date
Was to be changed from twenty-nine to that
Of thirty, when in metaphoric rhyme
I thus accosted silver-bearded Time.

Almighty potentate of earth and sea !
Whose all-creative, all-subversive power,
Thy deep-womb'd mother, wide eternity,
Can limit only ; thou whose grasp secure
As fate, spares no distinction or degree,
The lowly cottage and the lofty tower
Must yield alike to thee, whose hand robust
E'en rocks and mountains crumbles into dust.

Long wave thy white locks to the wild winds hoarse,
O'er peopled region and o'er trackless void,

O'er states and empires, with resistless force,
Spurning at once humility and pride.
Nor crowns nor coronets shall stay thy course,
Or check thy rebel hand of regicide,
Which foul'd with e'en the slaughter of a worm,
Both clutches and uncrowns the royal form.

Oh thou, whose reign commenced with the beginning,
Ere the first sun had gilded Adam's corn,
Or far-famed Paradise was lost by sinning,
And wicked millions consequently born ;
Ere thou beheldest such unequal spinning
In winding up life's clue of motley yarn,
Whence justice, yielding worth its proper place,
Had dash'd the crazy wheel in fortune's face.

Forbearance fails me ; when a trifle cool'd
I would be, will be civiller, no doubt ;
But say what pupil by disaster school'd,
Has ever like myself been kick'd about ?
If by some star my pilgrimage be ruled,
Would that the twinkling planet had gone out,
Ere at my birth an evil-boding blazo
Announced the dark, bleak winter of my days.

It grieves me not that competence is given
To those at whom black want may scowl in vain.
Nor do I murmur that I am driven
From honest toil's hereditary train.
But what dull wretch may passively be driven
To famine's brink, there bootlessly to strain
His latest nerve, life's comfort to procure,
Now pillag'd, now contemn'd, for being poor ?

Oh thou, I say, why come such things to pass ?

Yet can I blame thee ? no—no fault is thine ;

Thy business being but to turn thy glass,

And murder millions on the old design.

Though mighty as a conqueror. alas !

Ere thou couldst change this froward fate of mine,

My latest sand must sink ; when, thanks to thee,

Thy last stern maudate bids me cease to be.

Great revolutionist throughout the vast

Immeasurable universe ! to thee

I murmur no complainings of the past,

Couldst thou in future somewhat kinder be ;

To name no trick of brevity thou hast

In meting out the world's mortality,

Though e'en in this there are who cry thee shame,

My views involve a nobler end and aim.

Teach man to shun the curse of social strife,

Whate'er his boast of colour, creed, or clime ;

Show forth what blessings, exquisite as rife,

Flow from benevolence, remote from crime ;

Till closing thence his pleasing dream of life,

In hope and rectitude alike sublime,

He scans his last calm citadel, the grave,

Mild as the moonlit deep unruffled by a wave.

Do this, and thou to whom we all must bend

The neck, however hostile to control ;

Thou whose dominion duly doth extend

To every clime alike, from pole to pole ;

Though livid lightnings flash, though earthquakes rend,

Volcanoes burst, and threatening thunders roll,

With progress unimpeded still sweep on,
Through thee, the work of destiny be done.

Child of eternity ! another year

Hangs now suspended o'er that gulf, the past—
Whence nothing shall return ; that sepulchre,

The charnel-house of all beneath the vast
Empyrean vault of heaven, where rank or sphere

Distinguish'd are no more, as first or last,
To move in mighty or in lowly mien ;
Nay moulder must their page of having been.

And when, at thy all-withering behest,

The grave's grim monarch bids me cease to sing,
And lay my rude harp by ; while, though undress'd

With minstrel bays, be my green covering
Refresh'd with summer dews, and while I rest,

Be theirs the task, thy bards of bolder string,
To humanize the world with song sublime :

I humbly seek my straw—good night, old Time !

THE CATALOGUE.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS, DIED AT BROCKHAM LODGE,
DORKING, IN HIS 93RD YEAR, JULY 11, 1832.

Oh ! that's what you mean now—a bit of a song :
Why, faith, then, here goes, you shan't bother me long ;
I require no teasing, no praying, or stuff,
By my soul, if you wish it, I'm ready enough.
To give you your *end* you shall have a *beginning* ;
And troth, though the music be not very fine,
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Oh ! I once was a lover, like some of you here,
And could feed a whole night on a sigh or a tear ;
No sunshine I knew but from Kitty's black eye,
And the world was a desert when she wasn't by :
But the devil knows how, I got fond of Miss Betty,
And Kitty slipp'd out of this bosom of mine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky !
And the lily was black when her bosom was by :
Oh ! I found I was fix'd, and for ever her own,
Sure I was, soul and body were Betty's alone ;
But a sudden red shot from the golden-hair'd Lucy
Burn'd Betty quite out, with a flame more divine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Lucy was stately, majestic, and tall,
And in feature and shape what a goddess you'd call ;
I adored, and I vow'd if she'd not a kind eye
I'd give up the whole world, and in banishment die :
But Nancy came by, a round, plump, little creature,
And fix'd in my heart quite another design—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Little Nance, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,
Had a bloom like a rose, and was fresher than May :
Oh ! I felt if she frown'd I must die by a rope,
Or my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope ;
But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny look'd at me,
And troth, I no longer for Nancy could pine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine
That she skimm'd in the air like a shadow divine,
Her motion bewitch'd, and to my loving eye
'Twas an angel soft gliding 'tween earth and the sky :
'Twas all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,
And that gave a turn I could never define—

It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Oh ! so I go on, ever constantly blest,
For I find I've a great store of love in my breast ;
And it never grows less—for whenever I try
To get one in my heart, I get two *in my eye*.
To all sorts of beauty I bow with devotion,
And all kinds of liquor by turns I make mine ;
So I'll finish the thing, that another may sing,
Just to keep us a-going, and season our wine.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE "NEW TIMES."

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, BORN AT GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT,
IN AUGUST, 1795.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power ;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams his song of triumph heard :

Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band.
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and haud.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plateæ's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on —the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band ;
“Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land !”

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,

Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !

Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;

Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
And thou art terrible ; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free.
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought ;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought ;

Come in her crowning hour ; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prison'd men ;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balin,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee ; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree.
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;

His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by the pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

“ Marco Bozzaris was the Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823 and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, ‘To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain.’”

Literary Rambler.

SPEAK GENTLY.

DAVID BATES. FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here !

Speak gently—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind !
And gently friendship's accents flow ;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently !—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently !—'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

THE ENGLISH HEARTH.

GEORGE TWEDDELL. FROM "THE YORKSHIRE
MISCELLANY," 1845.

" O pleasant hour ! O moment ever sweet !
When once again we reach the calm retreat,
Where looks of love and tones of joy abide,
That heaven on earth —our dear, our *own* fireside !"
Heavisides' Pleasures of Home.

WHEN Autumn's fruits are gather'd in,
And trees and fields are bare ;
When merry birds no more are heard
To warble in the air ;
When sweetest flowers have droop'd and died,
And snow is on the ground ;
How cheerful is an English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

Then is the time for festive mirth,
Then is the time for glee ;
'Tis then the tales of by-gone days
Give pleasure unto me :

And when the wild storm howls without
With deep and hollow sound,
I love the cheerful English hearth
With friends all seated round.

And when those touching strains are sung,
Writ by the bards of old,
How swift the evening seems to fly—
Unfelt the piercing cold :
What though the snow-flakes thickly fall,
And icicles abound !
I have a cheerful English hearth
For friends to sit around.

And when the clouds of worldly care
Are gathering o'er my brow ;
When sorrow's frost has nipt my heart,
And check'd the blood's warm flow ;
When grief has in her heavy chain
My buoyant spirits bound ;
How cheering is an English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

Though slander's foul, envenom'd shafts
Should pierce my spirit through,
There is *one* smile, *one* sunlit eye,
To beam upon me now ;
And though my fate should be to roam
Where stranger forms are found,
I'll think upon my English hearth,
And friends who sat around.

Then fill each glass with nut-brown ale,
And smoke the fragrant weed ;
Our English hearths we will protect
In every hour of need :—
Come, let us drink one parting toast,
Through Europe let it sound ;
It is—The cheerful English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

THE LADY ALICE.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," AND, OF COURSE, ANONYMOUS.

I.

WHAT doth the Lady Alice so late on the turret-stair,
Without a lamp to light her but the diamond in her hair ;
When every arching passage overflows with shallow gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into every silent
room ?

She trembles at her footsteps, although their fall is light ;
For through the turret-loopholes she sees the murky
night,—
Black, broken vapours streaming across the stormy skies,—
Along the empty corridors the moaning tempest cries.

She steals along a gallery, she pauses by a door ;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor ;
And thrice she seems returning,—but thrice she turns
again ;—
Now heavy lie the clouds of sleep on that old father's
brain !

Oh, well it were that *never* thou should'st waken from thy
sleep !
For wherefore should they waken who waken but to
weep ?
No more, no more beside thy bed may Peace her vigil
keep ;
Thy sorrow, like a lion, waits upon its prey to leap.

II.

An afternoon in April. No sun appears on high ;
A moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of the sky ;
And through the castle gateway, with slow and solemn
tread,
Along the leafless avenue they bear the honour'd dead.

They stop. The long line closes up, like some gigantic
worm ;
A shape is standing in the path ; a wan and ghost-like
form ;
Which gazes fixedly, nor moves ; nor utters any sound ;
Then, like a statue built of snow, falls lifeless to the
ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though her feet
are bare ;
And though all wild and tangled, falls her heavy silk-
brown hair ;

Though from her eyes the brightness, from her cheeks the
bloom, has fled,
They know their Lady Alice, the Darling of the Dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting form they
lay ;
Where all things stand unalter'd since the night she fled
away ;
But who shall bring to life again her father from the clay ?
But who shall give her back again her heart of that old
day ?

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, BORN AT MASBROUGH, MARCH 17,
1781, DIED AT GREAT HOUGHTON, NEAR BARNSLEY,
DECEMBER 1, 1849, BURIED IN THE VILLAGE
CHURCHYARD OF DARFIELD.

FLOWERS ! winter flowers ! the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak :
O softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break !
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone
The coffin'd infant lies !
Look, mother, on thy little one !
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still :
Flowers ! oh, a flower ! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields ' the lichen wet
Bends o'er the unfailing well ;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring ?
A daisy ? ah ! bring childhood's flower !
The half-blown daisy bring !
Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek ;
O haste ! the last of five is dead !
The childless cannot speak !

It is strange how such tenderness, pity, and deep womanly love, should be united to so much rugged manliness, sternness, fierceness, and valour, as met together in his (Elliott's) hospitable nature. It was this mixture of opposing elements, however, which gave strength, beauty, and consistency to his character.—*Life of Ebenezer Elliott, by January Searle.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

EDWIN WAUGH.

KEEN blows the north wind, the woodlands are bare ;
The snow-shroud envelopes the flowerless lea ;
The red-breast is wailing the death of the year,
As he cowers his wing in the leafless haw-tree.

Of the song of the throstle, the lark, and the wren,
And summer's blithe music, there stirs not a sound ;
And the leaves of the trees that o'ershadow'd the plain,
Lie wither'd and frozen upon the cold ground.

The wild voice of winter is heard in the woods :
And frost-pearls are hanging on every tree ;
There's teeth in the air ; and the ice-mantled floods
Meander unseen, to the far-distant sea.

The children run in with the snow on their feet,
And make the house ring with an ancient yule-song ;
Carols are chaunting in every street,
And Christmas is thrilling on every tongue.

The bright fire is shining upon the clean hearth ;
The goodwife is spreading her daintiest cheer ;
The house is alive with the music and mirth
That wakes but at Christmas, the pride of the year !

Bring in the green holly, the box, and the yew,
The fir, and the laurel, all sparkling with rime ;
Hang up to the ceiling the misletoe bough,
And let us be merry another yule-time !

PROCRASTINATION.

ANONYMOUS. FROM "ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL."

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly thy fault lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best when soonest wrought ;
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last ;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past ;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure ;
Afterwits are dearly bought ;
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

THOU BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, BORN IN PAISLEY, JUNE 3, 1774,
DIED MAY 17, 1810.

THOU bonny wood of Craigie Lea !
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea !
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea ;
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles amorously ;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.

Awa,' ye thoughtless, murdering gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee !
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be !

When Winter blaws in sleety showers
Frae aff the Norland hills sae high,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever min',
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa',
The pairtricks down the rushy holm,
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flittering, gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the lingering day :

While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.—
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

“Melancholy is the contemplation of the beginning and the end of Robert Tannahill, the popular song-writer of Paisley. Tannahill was, no doubt, stimulated by the fame of Burns. True, he had not the genius of Burns, but genius he had, and that is conspicuous in many of those songs which during his lifetime were sung with enthusiasm by his countrymen. Tannahill was a poor weaver. The cottage where he lived is still to be seen, a very ordinary weaver's cottage in an ordinary street; and the place where he drowned himself may be seen too at the outside of the town. This is one of the most dismal places in which a poet ever terminated his career. Tannahill, like Burns, was fond of a jovial hour among his comrades in a public house. But weaving of verse and weaving of calico did not agree. The world applauded, but did not patronize; poverty came like an armed man; and Tannahill, in the frenzy of despair, resolved to terminate his existence. Outside of Paisley there is a place where a small stream passes under a canal. To facilitate this passage, a

deep pit is sunk, and a channel for the waters is made under the bottom of the canal. This pit is, I believe, eighteen feet deep. It is built round with stone, which is rounded off at its mouth, so that any one falling in cannot by any possibility get out, for there is nothing to lay hold of. No doubt Tannahill in a moment of gloomy observation had noted this. At midnight he came, stripped off his coat, laid down his hat, and took the fatal plunge. No cry could reach human ear from that horrible abyss: no effort of the strongest swimmer could avail to sustain him. Thus died Robert Tannahill, and a more fearful termination was never put to a poetical career."—*Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets; by William Howitt.*

MERRIE ENGLAND.

FROM "MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME," BY

GEORGE DANIEL.

O WHY was England 'merrie' called, I pray you tell me
why?

Because Old England merry was in merry times gone by!
She knew no dearth of honest mirth to cheer both son
and sire,

But kept it up o'er wassail cup around the Christmas fire.

When fields were dight with blossoms white, and leaves of
lively green,
The May-pole rear'd its flowery head, and dancing round
were seen
A youthful band, join'd hand in hand, with shoon and
kirtle trim,
And softly rose the melody of Flora's morning hymn.

Her garlands, too, of varied hue the merry milkmaid
wove,
And Jack the piper caprioled within his dancing grove ;
Will, Friar Tuck, and Little John, with Robin Hood their
king,
Bold foresters ! blythe choristers ! made vale and moun-
tain ring.

On every spray blooms lovely May, and balmy zephyrs
breathe—
Ethereal splendour all above ! and beauty all beneath !
The cuckoo's song the woods among sounds sweetly as of
old ;
As bright and warm the sunbeams shine,—and why should
hearts grow cold ?

THE WIND AT NIGHT.

G. J. C. FROM "LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL."

OLD voices of the night-wind ! varying tones,
Familiar all ; my childhood's lullabies,
All dear : both angry gust that howls and moans,
And madly wrestles with rock-rooted trees,—
Winning a worthless spoil of withered leaves, —
And softly whispering sigh of summer breeze,
Stirring the silver crest of moonlit sheaves.
Old voices of the night-wind ! ye are come
To murmur mournful things beneath our eaves :
Your wailings waken from oblivion dumb
The glimmering twilight of my being's prime,
Dear, dewy morning ! memories of my home—
That soft green vale that sent me forth to climb
Those daily steeper, stonier slopes of Time.

LINES,

On hearing that the Mayor of Bath had been requested to exert
his authority, and prevent shaving on Sundays!

Q. IN THE CORNER. FROM THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

THOU shalt not shave on Sundays ; to be saved,
None must henceforth shave others, or be shaved ;
No mortal shall be found, when shutters close,
To take his fellow mortal by the nose ;
No man of suds must let a stranger in,
Or pass unholy razors o'er his chin ;
Spread filthy lather on the Sabbath day,
Or scrape a week's unseemliness away.
Should swain, or barber, mar a six days' growth
Upon the seventh,—ruin seize them both :—
And doubtless, by some newly-garbled text,
Washing and combing will be sinful next.
Whilst evils so minute our minds engage,
In virtue, this must be a golden age '
Or is it flimsy leaf, which thinly spread
O'er mere externals, gilds an age of lead ?

Whilst they preserve such sanctity without,
Are men more pure in deeds, and more devout?
Do they on show alone their care bestow?
Or have they "that within which passes show?"
Oh! impious question; oh! most naughty doubt!
Their sanctity can ne'er abide without;
Their love of Sunday beards, their dread of sin,
Are kindred emanations from within;
All are, in truth, as pure as they appear,
And every thing is gold that glitters here!
So much they strive to purify the heart,
They scorn to purify the carnal part;
They pray with untrimm'd sanctity of face,
And e'en their very beards must *grow in grace*;
Each holy hair demands a world's applause,
Hairs left to flourish in a blessed cause;
And midst those beards, when every razor rests,
Small birds of paradise shall build their nests.
If any doubt them, look around and view
Their systems, and their reformations too:
New schemes, new schools, new lights, new sects arise;
New paths of peace; new short cuts to the skies;
New doctrines to each scripture text belong,
And all we once thought right, is reckon'd wrong.
And mark the consequence:—in modern times,
How scarce are sinners! and how rare are crimes!
Our penitentiaries are void within!
Now none need penitence, since none know sin!
From Judges' lips no awful doom is heard!
And Prison, is become an *empty* word!

THE CONVICT SHIP.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. FROM THE "LITERARY SOUVENIR,"
1825.

MORN on the waters ! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along :
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away !
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !
Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,

Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !
Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain !
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song !
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd ;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears ;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
 know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

THE LOVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH VOSS,
BY MARY HOWITT.

THE maiden with brown eyes and hair
Came o'er the dewy meadows ;
The nightingales were singing clear,
Among the evening shadows.
I saw and heard her stepping free ;
She pass'd like sunshine o'er the lea ;
I saw she was the girl for me !

Her skirts were lifted from the dew ;
Her boddice fitted tightly ;
Her plaited hair, her apron blue,
The night-breeze wafted lightly ;
Her stockings white, as white could be ;
Said I, that maiden fair to see
Is just the very girl for me !

The brindled cow her call obey'd,
Came all the meadows thorough ;

And as she milk'd, said I, "Sweet maid,
God shield thee from all sorrow !"
She look'd with eyes so bright and free ;
Said I, she is the girl for me ;
She shall my heart's beloved be !

Her eyes they seem'd to answer "Yes ;"
My heart with love was gushing ;
And I contrived my lips to press
Upon her warm cheek, blushing.
That blushing cheek, so fresh to see !
Said I, this maiden, fair and free,
She is the very girl for me !

I help'd her over hedge and stile,
With frothy milk-pail laden ;
And sang to scare the goblins vile
That might affright the maiden ;
For now 'twas dark by bush and tree ;
And said I, "maiden dear to me,
Wilt thou my heart's beloved be ?"

—"Wherefore so late ?" her mother cried,
In wrath her daughter viewing.
"Soft, gentle mother !" I replied,
"Thy daughter I've been wooing !
Give thy consent—then bless'd are we !
Sweet mother, give consent, for she
Is willing my beloved to be !"

DAILY WORK.

CHARLES MACKAY. FROM "VOICES FROM THE CROWD."

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime :
 A soulless slave—
 A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No ! Let us work ! We only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task :—
 We have no quarrel with the great ;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill, or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need ;

And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours ;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers ;
The more we work, the more we win ;
Success to Trade !
Success to Spade !
And to the Corn that's coming in !
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan ;
Who, working, thinks—
And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health ;
And leisure, when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun.
Who toil as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free :
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be !

THE DYING CHILD.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

Two fair ones lay and watch'd each other,
An infant sickly, pale, and weak,
An overhanging anxious mother,
Too full of love and grief to speak.

And as they on each other gazed,
The child's pale face grew beautiful ;
For trust in that fair flower was raised,
Which Death in vain might wait to cull.

And all the love that from the face
Of the o'erhanging mother beam'd,
Reflected on the child a grace,
Until its form transfigured seem'd.

And though the life was ebbing fast,
A glory round the face it threw,
As by the setting sun is cast
Round Eastern clouds a golden hue.

And from the mother's life and love
A beauty to the child was given,
And, as it pass'd to God above,
It bore the precious gift to heaven.

And all the angels welcome sung ;
For still was sunshine round the head
The glory that the mother hung,
As from the earth its spirit fled.

HANNAH RATCLIFFE.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

IF e'er she knew an evil thought,
She spoke no evil word.
Peace to the gentle ! she hath sought
The bosom of her lord.

She lived to love, and loved to bless
Whatever He hath made ;
But early on her gentleness
His chastening hand He laid.

Like a maim'd linnet, nursed with care,
She graced a house of bliss ;

And dwelt in thankful quiet there,
To shew what goodness is.

Her presence was a noiseless power,
That soothed us day by day—
A modest, meek, secluded flower,
That smiled, and pass'd away.

So meek she was, that, when she died,
We miss'd the lonely one,
As when we feel, on Loxley's side,
The silent sunshine gone.

But memory brings to sunless bowers
The light they knew before ;
And Hannah's quiet smile is ours,
Though Hannah is no more.

Her pale face visits yet my heart,
And oft my guest will be ;
O White Rose ! thou shalt not depart,
But wither here with me.

LONELINESS AND MELODY.

JOHN SCHOLLES. FROM "THE BRIDAL OF NAWORTH."
1838.

FAR amid hills there is an old grey stone
Which in the desert-silence stands alone,
Left to its solitude, with not an eye
To view it, save the cold moon in the sky,
Lone as a ruin'd heart whose hopes have fled,
Watching in silent sorrow o'er the dead ;
And ever there sad music sounds at night,
No forms are seen, but in the dim cold light
A brown mist wraps the stone, and dew-drops twinkle
bright.

It could not be that sorrow had brought hither
The minstrel old, who wander'd none knew whither,
When but to die was left him. Time, the foe
Of happier hearts, is kind to suffering woe ;
And this can never be the strain thus thrown
To the night winds, though much 'tis like his own.
"The hearth is cold ; the hall is desolate ;
No voice, no step ; unguarded is the gate ;
Grass fills each crevice of the marble floor ;
Bleak wintry winds rush by the jarring door ;

The tapestry rustles on the walls ; the cry
Of horrid night-birds, screaming fearfully,
Frights the lean fox, as, famishing and keen,
From chambers high he glares upon the scene ;
No serf, no guest, no lord—unenvied now
The honours circling round the lordly brow ;
Pure as a vestal 'mid conventual gloom,
The moonbeam rests upon his marble tomb.”

It was the time when gentle twilight strews
The hills with gems and steeps the vale with dew ;
The lake below was seen to shine no more,
But veil'd in mists it rippled to the shore ;
From Beauty's bower came Music's sweetest strain,
In tones so soft, so sad, so mix'd with pain,
As if some wandering spirit from above
Woo'd in that calm retreat an earthly love,
And in celestial accents taught to flow
A heavenly passion touch'd with earthly woe.
Oh ! 'twas a melody so softly deep
The sadden'd soul in luxury could weep,
And pour itself in ecstacy, and be
A part of that entrancing melody.
Such the sweet sounds whose cadence died away
In change all lovely as declining day,
And charm'd the ear of him who glided by,
O'er the smooth lake, like music of the sky,
Or, when beneath the tall and cavern'd cliff
He lonely steer'd his lightly-moving skiff,
It seem'd the rocks that fairy music made :
Fearful he fled, and charm'd he yet delay'd.
As falls and rises Ocean's azure breast,
When only inward sorrows break her rest,

In gentle undulation, slow and long,
Wave blends with wave, then sinks amid the throng,
Absorbing and absorb'd each melts and dies
Like summer clouds in bright Ausonian skies,
So moved the notes whose ceaseless changes grew,
To ears a spell, as ocean to the view,
Still reaching higher sweetness as they rose
And gathering deeper pathos at each close,
Till dying off in low and plaintive wail,
More sweet than song of dove or nightingale,
Or Memnon's airy harpings to the day,
The last soft strain in music pass'd away—
Like the last wave which heaves upon the shore
When the sunk pebble moves the stream no more.

The voice was mute ; the music ceased to sound.
The heavens were still ; 'twas stillness all around.
The silent night-dew Beauty's flowers was steeping ;
The zephyrs, slept ; the happy lake lay sleeping.
Calm was the mountain ; quiet was the vale ;
Hush'd were the woods ; and Echo told no tale.
Sweet Peace sat listening in her lone alcove,
And gazed and mused, her every musing love.
Listening, she seem'd the breathless calm to hear,
Or sounds so faint they reach'd no ruder ear,
Of warbling brooks from distant hills convey'd,
Of dew-drops pattering in the leafy shade,
Or mildly dripping from the bush which weeps
And crisps the lake from yonder jutting steeps,
Of murmurs heard from speaking crags to flow,
When eagles sent the loosened rock below,
Of waters trickling from the oar at rest,
Of fern-bush rustling round the wild deer's breast,

The wavering fall of leaf long sear and dead
Torn by a breath, when storm and blast had fled,
And solemn tones from rude o'erarching cave,
As plunged some sportive dweller of the wave.

Array'd in beauty, sate within her bower
The young enchantress of the pleasing hour,
Lovely as that half-heavenly form whose eyes
First smiled at light in holy paradise.
Oh ! who could look on Ada's eyes of blue,
Nor think of heaven, from whence their light they drew ?
Oh ! who could gaze upon the bright blue skies,
Nor turn once more to look on Ada's eyes ?
He who at eve, with kindling spirit, far
Through azure fields roves on from star to star,
Whose fancy sees the seraph beings there,
Alone can picture one like Ada fair.
Oh ! not in earth below nor heaven above
Seem'd aught more form'd to be beloved and love.
Fond Fancy's idol, Nature's sweetest child,
Her own loved spotless lilv of the wild ;
Pure as young Innocence, whose vision greets
With heavenly light each gentle flower it meets ;
A soul, alas ! so buoyant in its gladness,
One trifling sorrow could o'erwhelm with sadness.
With head upon her bended arm reclining,
With fond blue eye in dewy moisture shining,
She gazed upon her lover-chief, who sate
With folded arms, and looks disconsolate ;
And as she gazed the pearly drops which hung
Beneath each silken lash more faintly clung,
And, trembling, like two silver stars they fell,
And told the tale such meteors ever tell.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

BRYAN WALTER PROCTER. FROM "ENGLISH SONGS, AND
OTHER SMALL POEMS, BY BARRY CORNWALL," 1832.

THE owl to her mate is calling ;
The river his hoarse song sings ;
But the Oak is mark'd for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark !—a blow, and a dull sound follows ;
A second,—he bows his head ;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven,
His body all bark'd and squared ;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dockyard :
He's sawn through the middle, and turn'd
For the ribs of a frigate free ;
And he's caulk'd and pitch'd, and burn'd,
And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! now,—with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead.
And be dreaded in every sea :
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride ;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
And been honour'd from shore to shore ;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more ?
There is nought that a king can claim,
Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould !

A LOVE SONG.

GEORGE DARLEY.

SWEET in her green dell the Flower of Beauty slumbers,
Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair.
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air ?

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow-banks that lure him from
above.

O that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love !

Ah ! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound
her,

Opes she her eye-lids at the dream of my lay ;
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round
her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away !

Come, then, my Bird ! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me !

Come ! this fond bosom—my faithfullest—my fairest—
Bleeds with its death-wound, but deeper yet for thee !

We should hardly have permitted to die in comparative obscurity, one of the most delicious versifiers and most fanciful poets of any day—George Darley. As his very name will be strange to many who read this, and as my praise may therefore excite suspicion in those who conceive themselves well read in poetry, I have justified myself by the above specimen of a song of the right quality ; a love-song, but how different from the opera trash with which we have been deluged !—*H. F. Chorley.*

STANZAS.

On seeing the fragments of a marble tablet, in the south of England, with the following inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of ——"; the rest was broken off.

ELIJAH RIDINGS. FROM "THE VILLAGE MUSE," 1854.

BUILD, build again the cenotaphs,
The monuments and tombs—
Man's vainer records—still Time laughs,
And his vast frame consumes :
The sculptor's marble and the poet's rhyme
Shrink from the finger-touch of Time.

Sound, sound again the trump of fame ;
Let man be flatter'd—let him raise,
Emblazoning but his empty name,
His mortal voice in his own praise :
Behold ! this marble fragment lies
An emblem of his vanities.

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, BORN AT GLASGOW, JULY 27, 1777,
DIED AT BOULOGNE, JUNE 15, 1844, BURIED IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet :
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Mr. Campbell visited the continent. He went to Bavaria, then the seat of war, and from the monastery of St. Jacob witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, in which (December 3, 1800) the French under Moreau gained a victory over the Austrians. In a letter written at this time, he says, "The sight of Ingoldstat in ruins, and Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." *He* has made the memory of Hohenlinden immortal, for his stanzas on that conflict form one of the grandest battle-pieces that ever was drawn.—*Chambers*.

LOVE'S ANGUISH.

JOHN SAUNDERS. FROM "THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

NAY, tell me not that love like mine
Can be subdued ;
As 'twere the offspring of an hour,
An idle mood ;
Ah, *not* to love him were to me
The truest pain :
So I love on, and weep to be
Unloved again.

The love that groweth like a flower,
By sunshine fed,
May wither when cold winter comes
Until 'tis dead :
But mine sprang up in gloom and woe ;
And tears have been
Its simple nourishment ;—and lo,
The Evergreen !

“WE.”

C. H. W. FROM “THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.”

O LOVE is left in days gone by ;
And yet there is no broken vow !
“We” met of old, but “you and I”
’Tis sometimes meet each other now ;
A quite indifferent “he” and “she,”
Though once enshrined in lovers’ “WE !”

That time !—’tis now “Long, long ago !”
Its hopes and joys all pass’d away !
On life’s calm tide three bubbles glow,
And Pleasure, Youth, and Love are they !
Hope paints them bright as bright can be,
Or did, when you and I were “WE !”

The distant isles of future years,
Gleam lovely through a golden haze ;
Time’s sea a reflex heaven appears,
Wherein the stars are happy days !
At least, ’twas always so with me,
When, lovers, you and I were “WE !”

I paradised some woodland cot, —
I built great castles in the air, —
And Pleasure was, and Grief was not,
And cot or castle, *Thou* wert there !
Yet they were not alone for thee,
But Fancy always whisper'd " WE "

My life was all one web of gold,
Where thoughts of thee, like gems, were set !
But soon the light of love grew cold,
And gems and gilding faded : yet
The gilt and " paste " seem'd true to me !
But 'twas when you and I were " WE !

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone
These faded fancies : *now* they seem
Wild fragments of a gladness gone, —
The memories of a pleasant dream !
And wonder whispers, can it be,
That ever you and I were " WE ? "

FOREST SCENERY.

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

BENEATH the twilight gloom of forest trees,
Whose high fantastic branches climb to heaven,
Like the proud hopes of earth's aspiring sons ;
I loved to wander from my boyish years,
Wrapt in profound and solemn reveries,
And dreams which were not of the things of earth :
And those young thoughts of beauty and of bliss—
The sweet forebodings of a human love
Entwined and clung around those forest trees ;
And my heart grew to them ; for in the deep,
And awful silence, I had learn'd to hear
Mysterious pulses beating in the air—
Sweet voices in the waving of the wood—
A quicken'd motion in the inner life—
And something, which, inaudible to sense,
Spoke from the trembling silence to the soul
In tones like thunder.

And riper years have brought a loftier love,
And stars have claim'd my worship : I have sat,
And gazed upon them, through the live-long night,
And drank their soothing influence, till my heart

Expanded with their greatness ; yet even then—
When glory, beauty, majesty and power,
Would woo my spirit to their distant spheres,
And the bright worlds which roll twixt us and heaven
Stood beckoning to the spirit-land beyond—
The thought of those old forest trees came back,
And with the native eloquence of earth,
Appeal'd to the humanity within,
And triumph'd o'er the rivalry of heaven.

Midnight beneath the forest trees ! Oh, man,
If thou wouldst learn the love of higher things—
Exalt thy spirit o'er the thoughts of earth—
And feel the holiest romance of the heart,
Away to the deep forest, and converse
With thine own soul in silence, and in awe.
Silence divides the spirit-land from ours :
And in its solemn stillness thou mayst glean,
Assurance of thine immortality.
Art thou of those who bend beneath the yoke,
To whom earth's wine is reachless as the stars,
Come let the influence of the *future* creep
Like peace into thy heart, till thou forget'st
Thy present desolation : I will teach thee hope.

And thou to whom the wine and oil of earth
Are plenteous, as the light and air of heaven,
Here may'st thou learn life's true philosophy :
Yon starving wretch, who lives on charity,
The next pulsation in the heart of Time
May stand with thee before the throne of God,
And bear its glory, less abash'd than thou.
The forest calm is like the heaven of earth.

Care, grief, and passion, die upon its brink.
It is as if the grave had intervened,
And all our wrongs and pains had pass'd away ;
But all our bright and joyous memories
Were stirring in the mind. How I have loved it !
Until the constant habit of my youth
Became a passion in me, and I *felt*
The thoughtful grandeur of its solitudes,
The stillness, yet astir—the air
Thick, heavy, with a dim o'erpowering sense,
And the prophetic silence, hush'd as death,
As if all Nature paused and held its breath,
In reverence of the presence of its God.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER.

GUARDIAN angels ! do we doubt them ?
Night by night, and day by day,
Could we guide our steps without them,
Where would wavering fancy stray ?
Every noble thought that's spoken,
Every smile, and every sigh,
Are they not a sign—a token—
That some guardian angel's by ?

Guardiau angels, hovering o'er us,
Keep the soul, in mercy, pure ;
Had we not bright hope before us,
Could we this frail world endure ?
Then, be sure, that ever near us
Voices come from forms unseen,
Breathed by angels sent to cheer us—
Watching earth and heaven between !

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK. MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL.

I LOVE it, I love it • and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs ;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell ?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.

She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey ;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled ;
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died ;
And Memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

MARY.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE, BORN IN DUBLIN, DECEMBER
13, 1791, DIED AT THE COVE OF CORK,
FEBRUARY 21, 1823.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before.
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

The above pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air *Grammachree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sang the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the song.—*Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

JUST INSTINCT AND BRUTE REASON.

A MANCHESTER OPERATIVE. FROM "HOWITT'S JOURNAL."

KEEN Hawk, on that old elm-bough gravely sitting,
Tearing that singing-bird with desperate skill,
Great Nature says that what thou dost is fitting—
Through instinct and for hunger thou dost kill.

Rend thou the yet warm flesh, 'tis thy vocation ;
Mind thou hast none—nor dost thou torture *mind* !
Nay, thou, no doubt, art gentle in thy station,
And, when thou killest, art most promptly kind.

On other tribes the lightning of thy pinion
Flashing descends—nor always on the weak :
In other Hawks, the mates of thy dominion,
Thou dost not flesh thy talons and thy beak.

O, natural Hawk, our lords of wheels and spindles
Gorge as it grows the liver of their kind :
Once in their clutch, both mind and body dwindle—
For Gain to Mercy is both deaf and blind.

O, instinct there is none—nor show of reason,
But outrage gross on God and Nature's plan,
With rarest gifts in blasphemy and treason,
That Man, the soul'd, should piecemeal murder Man.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "VIEWS A-FOOT."

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

WE meet the sons of pilgrim sires,
Unchanged, where'er we roam,
Whilst gather round their happy fires
The happy bands of home.
And while across the far, blue wave,
Their prayers go up to God,
We pledge the faith our fathers gave—
The land by freemen trod.

The spirits of our fatherland
Their sacred trust still hold—
The freedom from a tyrant's hand
Wrench'd by the men of old.
That lesson to the broad earth given
We pledge, beyond the sea ;
The land from dark oppression riven !
A blessing on the free !

BURIAL SONG FOR A GOOD MAN.

REV. WILLIAM GASKELL. FROM "TEMPERANCE RHYMES."
1839.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down !
He hath fought a noble fight ;
He hath battled for the right ;
He hath won the fadeless crown !

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past ;
He was faithful to the last,—
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Wealth, and pomp, and courtly nod,
Might by others worshipp'd be,
But to Man he bent the kuce,
As the deathless child of God.

Meek and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might ;
Clouded minds it fill'd with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distress'd,
Homes where death had darkly pass'd,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,—
These he sought, and soothed, and bless'd.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down !
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown !

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

ROBERT NICOLL, BORN AT TULLIEBELTANE, PERTHSHIRE,
JANUARY 7, 1814, DIED 1837, BURIED IN
NEWHAVEN CHURCHYARD.

A PLEASANT thing it is to mind
Of youthfu' thoughts an' things,—
To pu' the fruit that on the tree
Of Memory ripely hings,—

To live again the happiest hours
Of happy days gane by,—
To dream again as I ha'e dream'd
When I was herdin' kye !

Thae days I thought that far awa',
Where hill an' sky seem met,
The bounds o' this maist glorious earth
On mountain-tops were set,—
That sun an' moon, an' blinkin' stars,
Shone down frae heaven high
To light earth's garden : sae I dream'd
When I was herdin' kye !

I thought the little burnies ran,
An' sang the while to me !
To glad me, flowers cam' on the earth,
An' leaves upon the tree, —
An' heather on the muirland grew,
An' tarns in glens did lie :
Of beauteous things like these I dream'd
When I was herdin' kye !

Sae weel I lo'ed a' things of earth !
The trees—the birds—the flowers—
The sun—the moon—the rocks an' glens—
The spring's an' summer's hours !
A wither'd woodland twig would bring
The tears into my eye :—
Laugh on ! but there are souls of love
In laddies herdin' kye !

Ah ! weel I mind how I would muse,
An' think, had I the power,

How happy, happy I would make
Ilk heart the warld owre !
The gift, unendin' happiness—
The joyful giver I !—
So pure an' holy were my dreams
When I was herdin' kye !

A silver stream o' purest love
Ran through my bosom then ;
It yearn'd to bless all human things—
To love all living men !
Yet scornfully the thoughtless fool
Would pass the laddie by :
But, oh ! I bless the happy time
When I was herdin' kye !

SPARE THE POOR.

JAMES BRADSHAW WALKER, AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE
FLOWERS."

OUR strength is labour, spare the poor
From thoughts averse to love and peace ;
Go oftener to the cottage door,
Be brothers, let distinction cease.

The strongest might support the weak,
Till strength would daily stronger grow ;
A nation's faith would never break,
Thus bound in one—the high, the low.

Forge ye no more the chains of hate,
Your kindred worms to bind in pain :
Sin's night is surely wearing late ;
Creation's dawn will breathe again !

Why of their friendship record keep,
Or read their faults with lightning eye ?
Where treasured wrongs are old and deep,
Disease and error festering lie.

From blighting scorn, oh, spare the poor !
(For ye they toil from youth to age ;)
God's love will thus abound the more,
And Charity your time engage.

They have their sympathies, like you ;
Forgive them all their cheerless plaint ;
Affection would, like kindly dew,
Restore the erring and the faint.

A forest rank with human weeds,
Your brethren still, oh, spare the poor ;
Go, Luxury, learn their pinching needs,
For this heaven gave thy golden store.

THE SKULL

The following fragment was found in the skeleton-case at the Royal Academy, supposed to have been deposited there by one of the students,

BEHOLD this ruin !—'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full :
This narrow cell was life's retreat—
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot !
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here !

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void :
If social love that eye employ'd—
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
The eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue :
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And where it could not praise, was chain'd—
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
When death unveils eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim,
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of joy they fled,
To soothe affliction's humble bed,—
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to virtue's lap return'd,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ROCH ABBEY.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WORLD of my boyhood ! art thou what thou wast ?
Seen through the melancholy mist of years,
Thy woods a pale diminish'd shadow cast
O'er thoughts grown grey, and feelings dimm'd with tears.
Our spirits, biggen'd by their griefs and fears,
Sadden and dwindle, with their backward view,
All they behold. Changed world ! thy face appears
Poor as the toy that pleased when life was new ;
And mournful as the inscription, trite and true,
That lingers on our little sister's grave.
Roch Abbey ! Canklow ! Aldwark ! if I crave
Now, a boy's joy, from some lone flower's deep blue,
Will your loved flowers assume a pensive hue ?
Or smile as once they smiled, still growing where they
grew ?
Pale ruin ! no — they come no more, the days
When thought was like a bee within a rose,
Happier and busier than the beam that plays
On this thy stream. The stream sings, as it flows,
A song of valleys, where the hawthorn blows ;

And wanderings through a world of flowery ways,
Even as of old ; but never will it bring
Back to my heart my guileless love of praise ;—
The blossomy hours of life's all-beauteous spring,
When joy and hope were ever on the wing,
Chasing the redstart for its flamy glare,
The corn-craik for its secret. Who can wring
A healing balsam from the dregs of care,
And turn to auburn curls the soul's grey hair ?
Yet, Abbey ! pleased, I greet thee once again ;
Shake hands, old friend, for I in soul am old.
But storms assault thy golden front in vain ;
Unchanged thou seem'st, though times are changed and
cold ;

While to thy side I bring a man of pain,
With youthful cheeks in furrows deep and wide,
Plough'd up by Fortune's volley'd hail and rain ;
To truth a martyr, hated and belied ;
Of freedom's cause a champion true and tried.
O take him to thy heart ! for Pemberton
Loves thee and thine, *because* your might hath died—
Because thy friends are dead, thy glories gone—
Because, like him, thy batter'd walls abide
A thousand wrongs, and smile at power and pride.
O bid him welcome then ! and let his eyes
Look on thy beauty, until blissful tears
Flood the deep channels, worn by agonies,
Which leave a wreck more sad than that of years.
Yes ; let him see the evening-purpled skies
Above thy glowing lake bend down to thee ;
And the love-listening vesper-star arise,
Slowly, o'er silent earth's tranquillity ;
And all thy ruins weeping silently ;

Then, be his weakness pitied and forgiven,
If, when the moon illumines her deep blue sea,
His soul could wish to dream of thee in heaven,
And, with a friend his bosom'd mate to be,
Wander through endless years, by silver'd arch and tree.

Charles Reece Pemberton, here alluded to by Elliott, is better known as *Pel Verjuice*, the *Wanderer*. He was a man of pure heart and clear intellect, and so deeply imbued with the spirit of Freedom that the formalities of life were like fetters to him. I feel justified in placing the following sketch by Pemberton in my book of poems; for in thought, fire, and feeling, it is poetry, though not in rhyme.—“MOSELY COMMON.—But the common!—I saw it three years ago, and God be praised, it was not civilised. There is nothing in the whole range of English scenery, no beauty nor ornament, neither natural nor artificial glory, among all its delicious and enchanting variety, that glads my eyes and heart so fully and so instantaneously as a common of gorse-bush, and fern. Sheep were on this common, descendants in the tenth generation, perhaps, of my old friends, bobbing their noses into and nibbling the short soft grass—soft and slippery is that grass, on a sunny day, as my lady's velvet pelisse, or the tip of her ear. There, too, stood yet, the circle of aged firs, a vegetated druidical temple of firs. They were none of your prim, straight, smirking-looking things, that you see ‘stuck in a modern shrubbery,’ like a string of boarding-school misses, ranged at question and answer; but stout, hearty, jolly old fellows, sturdy in the chest and waist, and such muscular and sinewy arms thrown out, as if they would knock the wind down. You may see something like them at Guy's Cliff, in the avenue, which they form;

but, oh, they are babies compared to those on my common. Well, so they stood, solemnly waving their dark garments in the breeze, or motionless in their silent and deep worship of nature. Magnificence dreaming! Nothing there was touched by the hand of civilization, thank God. Yes, one change had been made, and I felt that the milk of human kindness was not all soured within me.—This was a fanciful and beautiful improvement. An extensive old gravel-pit had been spread with productive earth and mould, without diminishing its depth perceptibly, or changing its outlines in the least—all the abruptness, hillocks, undulations, hollows, and projections were carefully preserved, then turfed and planted with shrubs, roots, and moss, which, when I saw them, were flourishing with seventeen years of glory, making one of the most perfect specimens of romantic solitude I ever enjoyed. Who did it? Take nine-tenths of the saints out of the calendar to make room for him.”—*History of Pel Verjuice, the Wanderer, by January Searle.*

APRIL—TEARS AND SMILES.

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON, BORN AT PONTYPOOL, SOUTH WALES, JANUARY 23, 1790, DIED AT BIRMINGHAM, MARCH 3, 1840, BURIED IN KEY HILL CEMETERY.

HER cheek is pale, her eyes are wet,
Her voice in murmurings
Grieves lowly to the morn, that yet
 No sunshine brings.
Why linger ye, O, laughing hours ?
Uncoil, ye buds ; unfold, ye flowers !
 Sad April sings.

The paleness fleets, the tears are dry,
Her voice with gladness rings ;
The sunshine over earth and sky
 Its brightness flings.
Come revel through my laughing hours,
Ye warbling birds, ye buds and flowers !
 Glad April sings.

DECEMBER.

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

THE whispering foliage-song no more
Along the air is sweeping ;
But hush ! 'twill chorus as before—
The spirit-leaves are sleeping :
December's breath awhile shall be
The cradle of their memory.

Though flowers not now their varied hues
In charmed union mingle ;
Yet look ! the eye more richly views
The flower in beauty single :
And old December's smile shall be
The perfumed tints of blazonry.

Though warblers from the grove are gone,
Here's yet a joyous fellow ;
For hark ! 'tis robin's song, no one
Was ever half so mellow :
And old December chirps to be
So welcomed by that minstrelsy.

Though cold and storm-fill'd clouds career,
And o'er the casements darkle,
They make—turn round, the hearth is here—
The blaze more brightly sparkle :
December claps his hands in glee !
Most jovial round the hearth is he.

Then hail, December ! let the soul
The moments dark appearing
Make bright—for it can change the whole
To beauty rich and cheering.
Old guest to thoughts in harmony,
December ever welcome be.

TO MY WIFE.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON, BORN IN MANCHESTER,
JANUARY 20, 1809.

THY check is pale with many cares,
Thy brow is overcast,
And thy fair face a shadow wears,
That tells of sorrows past ;
But music hath thy tongue for me—
How dark soe'er my lot may be,
I turn for comfort, love, to thee,
My beautiful, my wife !

Thy gentle eyes are not so bright
As when I woo'd thee first,
Yet still they have the same sweet light
Which long my heart hath nurst;
They have the same enchanting beam
Which charm'd me in love's early dream,
And still with joy on me they stream,
My beautiful, my wife !

When all without looks dark and cold,
And voices change their tone,
Nor greet me as they did of old,
I feel I am not lone ;
For thou, my love, art aye the same,
And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim—
Though all should scorn, thou would'st not blame,
My beautiful, my wife !

A shadow comes across my heart,
And overclouds my fate,
Whene'er I think thou may'st depart,
And leave me desolate ;
For as the wretch who treads alone
Some gloomy path in wilds unknown,
Such should I be if thou wert gone,
My beautiful, my wife !

If thou wert dead, the flowers might spring,
But I should heed them not ;
The merry birds might soar and sing,
They could not cheer my lot.
Before me dark Despair would rise,
And spread a pall o'er earth and skies,

If shone no more thy loving eyes,
My beautiful, my wife !

And those dear eyes have shone through tears,
But never look'd unkind,
For shatter'd hopes, and troubled years,
Still closer seem'd to bind
Thy pure and trusting heart to mine.
Not for thyself did'st thou repine,
But all thy husband's grief was thine,
My beautiful, my wife !

When at the eventide I see
My children throng around,
And know the love of them and thee,
My spirit still is bound
To earth, despite of every care :
I feel my soul can do and dare,
So long as thou my lot dost share,
My beautiful, my wife !

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of waters totally unmingled with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasures may heat the heart into artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with its golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.—*Scrap Book.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

FROM "FISHER'S DRAWING ROOM SCRAP BOOK."

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay down in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand ;
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native
land ;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friend of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was
done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting
sun :
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many
scars :
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old
age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage :
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leapt forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild !
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

* * * * *

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye ;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—

Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning !

Tell her—the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be
risen,

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seem'd to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm
and still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd
walk ;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the
Rhine !”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish
weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd and ceased to
speak :

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled,—

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd
down
On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses
strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd
to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine !

THE FISHERMEN.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE."

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down.
And they look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the
shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown ;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those that will never come back to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

TO MARY.

FROM "POEMS BY THREE FRIENDS." (DR. RAFFLES,
DR. BROWN, J. H. WIFFEN,) 1813.

You tell me Mary still is free,
That I perhaps may gain the prize,
And once again delighted see
Fond rapture beam from Mary's eyes.

But cease to paint the blissful scene,
No fairy dreams of hope pourtray ;
For truth's clear light will intervene
To chase her airy tints away.

I loved her once,—I loved her so—
That even now the merest thought
Of all that pass'd so long ago,
Has tears of fond remembrance brought

To eyes that once with fond delight
Gazed on her form so passing fair,
Whilst Love, in golden visions bright,
Saw all perfection centred there.

The hope that flutter'd in my breast,
Fled from its ark like Noah's dove,
But wearied, in its search of rest,
Return'd without the branch of Love

I felt a pang no words can tell,
But passion's struggle soon was o'er ;
No faltering mark'd my last farewell,—
I firmly said, "we meet no more."

And still my heart, by many a care,
To the lorn sons of song allied,
Though small the minstrel-genius there,
Beats with a minstrel's honest pride.

It scorns to breathe the unmanly sigh,
Of Mary's coldness to complain :—
She who could once its suit deny,
Will never hear its suit again.

Yes ! yes ! there is that active mind,
That soars each passing ill above,
That cannot, will not be confined
By pangs of disappointed love.

That when by some enchanting fair
Allured from learning's paths astray,
Will gather from each slighted prayer,
Fresh vigour on its destined way.

When, yielding to its pristine bent,
Whole years of anxious toil must prove,
Whilst climbing slow Fame's steep ascent,
"Ambition is a cure for love."

There is that heart, whose feelings wild,
To souls of vulgar stamp unknown,
Burst from the Muse's wayward child,
In genuine passion's loftiest tone.

If, when to beauty he has bow'd,
His gentle suit should be denied,
Instant he quits the flattering crowd,
In all a minstrel's native pride.

The sigh that marks his poignant woe,
Meets his unconscious ear alone ;
The tear he would forbid to flow,
Falls on his cheek, unseen, unknown.

His stifled sorrows all but break
The chord of feeling's magic tones, —

But Genius never will forsake
The lowliest of her tuneful sons.

She fires him with a nobler flame
Than ever lit at Beauty's eye,
She points him to a deathless name.
A laurell'd Immortality !

To this one point, his ardent soul
Bends all his high, but plastic powers,
And spurns with mild, yet firm control,
The memory of departed hours.

But mighty efforts such as these
His woe-worn frame but ill can bear ;
Follows on every step disease
That leads to madness and despair.

He smiles at many an anxious friend
Who warns him of an early tomb ;
Careless how soon existence end,
If o'er his grave the laurel bloom.

Yet ere beneath the sculptured stone
His wounded spirit sinks to rest,
His eye perchance may glance upon
The once-loved cypress of his breast.

A narrower soul had turn'd aside
To show its keen, but latent smart ;—
As memory pictures hope denied.
What feeling swells the Minstrel's heart ?

A feeling yet without a name,
Each sordid thought of self above,
Warmer than Friendship's wavering flame,
Yet softer than the fires of Love !

No change of purpose has the power
To bid him hate where once he loved ;
Though Reason may condemn the hour
That once the pulse of rapture moved.

And I, by minstrel arts beguiled,
Have felt these passions, wild and strong,
Though seldom have the muses smiled
Propitious on my artless song.

And Mary, sure I need not say
That I have loved, and loved in vain ;
Though Science now has strewn my way
With joys that lull the sense of pain.

Years have rolled by since last we met,
No longer Love enthalls my mind ;
Yet charms I never can forget,
Are cherish'd where they once were shrouded.

Passions in all their wildness felt,
Now with more sober feelings join,
Changed only as alloyers melt
Pure gold into a lighter coin.—

When sickening oft at hope deferr'd,
My wounded spirit sought relief,

No sister's gentle voice was heard,
 To soothe a brother's lonely grief.

Though this is joy to me unknown,
 Oft have I wish'd the blessing mine :—
 O, that that sister's soothing tone
 Would flow from lips as loved as thine !



THE CHURCH POOR-BOX.

ANONYMOUS. FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

I AM a Poor-Box !—here I stick,
 Nail'd to a wall of whitewash'd brick,
 Teeming with "fancies coming thick,"
 That sometimes mingle
 With solid pence from those who kneel ;
 While, now and then, oh joy ! I feel
 A sixpence tingle !

The robin on me oft doth hop ;
 I am the woodlouse' working shop ;
 And friendly spiders sometimes drop
 A line to me ;
 While e'en the sun will often stop
 To shine on me.

I am of sterling, close, hard grain
As any box on land or main ;
But age, my friends, who can sustain,
 In solitude ?
Neglect might make a Saint complain,
 Whate'er his wood.

Heaven hath, no doubt, a large design :
Some hearts are harder grain'd than mine ;
Some men too fat, and some too fine,
 And some can't spare it ;—
I do not mean to warp and pine,
 But humbly bear it.

This is a cold and draughty place,
And folks pass by with quicken'd pace,
Praying, perchance, a dinner-grace ;
 But ever then,
I feel the comfort of HIS face,
 Who pities men.

I saw, last week, in portly style,
A usurer coming down the aisle ;
His chin a screw, his nose a file,
 With gimlet eye :
He turn'd his head to cough and smile,—
 And sidled by.

I saw the same rich man, this morn,
With sickly cheek and gait forlorn—
As feeble, almost, as when born ;
 He dropt some pelf,
Pitying the Poor—the weak and worn—
 Meaning “ himself.”

I saw, last year, a courtly dame,
With splendid bust, and jewels' flame,
And all the airs of feather'd game—

A high-bred star-thing:

All saw the gold—but close she came,
And dropt—a farthing.

Two days ago, she pass'd this way,
Heart-broken—prematurely grey—
Her beauty like its mother—clay :

She gave me gold ;

“ I am like thee”—I heard her say—

“ Hollow and cold.”

The farmer gives when crops are good,
Because the markets warm his blood :
The traveller 'scaped from field and flood,

Endows the Poor ;

The dying miser sends his mud,
To make Heaven sure.

A lover with his hoped-for bride
(Her parents being close beside)
Drew forth his purse with sleek-faced pride,

Rattling my wood :

All day I felt a pain in the side,
He was “ so good.”

The Captain fresh from sacking towus,
My humble claim to pity owns ;
The Justice on his shilling frowns ;

But, worst of all,

Arch-hypocrites display their crowns
Beside my wall.

There came a little child, one day,
Just old enough to know its way,
And, clambering up, it seem'd to say
 " Poor lonely Box !"
Gave me a kiss—and went away
 With drooping locks.

I have to play a thankless part ;
With all men's charities I smart,
But those who give with a child's heart,
 From pure fount sprung :—
The rest I take, as on the mart ;
 Wise head—still tongue.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. FROM "LUCY HOOPER."

FAREWELL ! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song,—
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;
And all thou loved of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory,

MEMORY AND HOPE.

CHARLES KEN WORTHY, BORN AT MANCHESTER. IN SEPTEMBER 1773, DIED IN THE SAME CITY, JULY 31, 1850. HIS EPI-TAPH IN RUSHOLME CEMETERY IS A VERY PLAINTIVE ONE, NAMELY : "HERE SLUMBERS SORROW'S CHILD."

MEMORY and Hope were given to bless,
But, ah ! they only pain and grieve me ;
The one looks backward, to distress,
The other forward, to deceive me.

My days of youth, of love, and joy,
'Mid Beauty's charms and grandeur's glitter,
Memory reviews them with a sigh ;
Remember'd bliss makes grief more bitter.

Hope to the future points,—and smiles,
And tells of bliss and bowers enchanting
Each day the Flatterer me beguiles,
Still aches my heart, some dear thing wanting.

My yesterdays could I forget,
Nor fondly hope for bliss each morrow,
Life's boon I might enjoy—nor let
The passing hour be blanched with sorrow.

A PETITION TO TIME.

BRYAN WALTER PROCTER. FROM "ENGLISH SONGS," 1832.

TOUCH us gently, Time !

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream !

Humble voyagers are we,

Husband, wife, and children three—

(One is lost,—an angel, fled

To the azure overhead !)

TOUCH us gently, Time !

We've not proud nor soaring wings :

Our ambition, *our* content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,

O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime :—

TOUCH us *gently*, gentle Time !

MINGUILLO.

FROM "ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS, HISTORICAL AND
ROMANTIC," TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART.

SINCE for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling !
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

Do—she keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave ;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo !
One you give, but two you take ;
Give me back the two, my darling !
Give them, for my mother's sake.

NEVER DESPAIR

FROM "VOICES FOR PROGRESS, AND OTHER POEMS."

BY THOMAS FORSTER KER, 1853.

NEVER despair ! though dark shadows surround thee,
Let not thine heart be oppress'd with the gloom ;
Remember, though *failure* to-day may have found thee,
To-morrow, *success* may thy pathway illumine !

Never despair ! though long suffering and weary ;
Look forward with faith to the future's bright morn ;
And despite thy dark prospects, all lonesome and dreary,
Fortune, at last, may thine efforts adorn.

Never despair ! though the task long begun
Seems more than thy heart's strength can carry thee
through ;
Perseverance may tell thee, long ere thou hast done,
That thy strength is full strong if thou'rt willing to do !

Never despair ! like the coward and craven,
Who carp o'er the ills which they else might evade ;
Nor rest till thou reacheth the goal and the haven,
And snatch the bright honours which hope long display'd !

Never despair ! though dark shadows surround thee,
Let not thine heart be oppress'd with the gloom ;
Remember, though *failure* to-day may have found thee,
To-morrow, *success* may thy pathway illumine !

NORA'S VOW.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. FROM "SELECT MELODIES OF
SCOTLAND."

HEAR what Highland Nora said :
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the laws both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke ;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light ;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae,
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

“The swan,” she said, “the lake’s clear breast
May barter for the eagle’s nest ;
The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn :
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly ;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie’s son.”

Still in the water-lily’s shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe’s fierce river ;
To shun the clash of foeman’s steel,
No highland brogue has turn’d the heel :
But Nora’s heart is lost and won,
—She’s wedded to the Earlie’s son !

THE IVY.

A BALLAD.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK VON SCHILLER, BORN AT
MARBACH, IN WURTEMBERG, NOV. 10, 1759, DIED
IN NORTHERN GERMANY, MAY 9, 1805.

OH ! a merry old stave for the Ivy brave
That mantles the ruin'd wall ;
And he climbeth the steep of the castle keep
Till he waves o'er the turrets tall.
He rooteth him fast, against the blast,
And laughs at the cold wind's moan ;
He scorneth to fear at the winter drear,
That decketh him then in his brightest gear.
So a merry old stave
To the Ivy brave,
That changelessly flourishes on !

A stripling tree, just sprung had he,
Five hundred years ago,
When the young fair girl of a belted earl
Train'd his limbs o'er the crannied stone,

To shelter her bower in the noontide hour,
When the summer fiercely shone.
But joy will share itself with care—
She died, but the tree grows greenest there.
So a merry old stave
To the Ivy brave,
That changelessly flourishes on !

He spreadeth the pride of his green-shoots wide,
O'er the chapel's roofless pile ;
He loveth the haunt where the monk's grave chaunt
Once roll'd through the pillar'd aisle.
Baron and knight, and lady bright,
Sleep below 'neath the sculptured stone,
And nothing is seen with life, I ween,
But the tree that mourneth o'er what hath been.
So a merry old stave
To the Ivy brave,
That changelessly flourishes on !

In his twenty-second year Schiller wrote his tragedy of "The Robbers," which at once raised him to the foremost rank among the dramatists of his country. His "Ballads" are reckoned among the finest compositions of their kind in any language. *Maunder's Treasury.*

POOR JANE'S LAMENT.

JANUARY SEARLE (GEORGE SEARLE PHILLIPS).

AH, well-a-day ! that thou should'st prove
So false to thy true hearted Jane.
I loved thee, Robin, my false love !
And broken hearts ne'er love again.

When first we met by Dungeon-wood,
That skirts the bloomy crossland moor,
I thought that thou wast kind and good—
That thou would'st love me evermore.

For, kneeling on the purple heath,
When thou did'st clasp my hand in thine,
Thy vows seem'd truthful as the breath
Of the pure heavens that truthful shine.

And when we wander'd 'mongst the trees,
And sunny shadows, towards the town,
I scarcely heard the birds and bees,
Or saw the mosses, green and brown.

All things conspired to lure my sense,
And charm my trusting heart away :
I gave that heart in innocence,
To rue the gift, to rue the day.

Oh sad, sad day ! oh, fatal gift !
Which to thy keeping I resign'd ;
For thou hast left me all bereft,
Heart-broken, hopeless, mad, and blind.

I cannot rest. I sing no more
Whilst plying at the dreary loom :
My songs of joy, of love, are o'er ;
My life is weaving for the tomb.

O, silent tomb ! I long to rest
With thee for ever from my pain ;
Take, oh ! take me to thy breast,
And quench my aching heart and brain.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

SIR BEVIS OF HAMPTON. FROM THE ' LITERARY GAZETTE.'

AWAY ! away ! thou Summer Bird,
For Autumn's moaning voice is heard,
In cadence wild and deepening swell,
Of Winter's stern approach to tell.

Away ! for vapours, damp and low,
Are wreathed around the mountain's brow ;
And tempest-clouds their mantles fold
Around the forest's russet gold.

Away ! away ! o'er earth and sea,
This land is now no home for thee !
Arise ! and stretch thy soaring wing,
And seek elsewhere the smiles of spring !

The wanderer now, with pinions spread,
Afar to brighter climes has fled,
Nor casts one backward look, nor grieves
For those sere groves whose shade he leaves.

Why should he grieve ? the beam he loves
Shines o'er him still where'er he roves,
And all those early friends are near
Who made his Summer-home so dear.

Oh ! deem not that the tie of birth
Endears us to this spot of earth ;
For wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
If friends are near, that place is home !
No matter where our fate may guide us,
If those we love are still beside us !

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, BORN AT HANS PLACE,
CHELSEA, IN 1802, DIED AT CAPE COAST CASTLE,
OCTOBER 16, 1838.

THE muffled drum roll'd on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there ;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turn'd to the ground ;
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier ;
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.—

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain ;
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand !
'Twas hard to be number'd amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said !

But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore ;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep !

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground ;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause,—and they left the dead !
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan :
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground.
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The Father had pray'd o'er his only Son !

THE SHADOW.

THOMAS GASPEY. FROM "CALTHORPE, OR FALLEN
FORTUNES." 1821.

I SAW the black shadow pursuing my track,
"Advance ye or swiftly, or slow,"
He seem'd to say angrily, "Close at your back
I'll follow, wherever you go."

Flight proved unavailing.—To face him, at last

I turn'd, in a petulant whim ;

Then shrinking from me, he retreated as fast

As ever I bounded from him.

“ Ah, now,” exclaim'd Mirth, “ henceforth govern'd by me

Dismiss weak regret and despair,

And banish vain terrors ; for do you not see

That impudent shadow is *Care* ?

Delighting irresolute mortals to chase,

Retreat, he comes daringly on ;

But meet him with laughter, it alters the case,

The coward is glad to be gone.”

THE RETROSPECT.

FROM “ POEMS, BY P. M. JAMES,” 1821.

I WOULD not live life o'er again,

For all its joys, to share its pain ;

Life's springs and pastimes tempt me not,

To wish its cares again my lot.

What though youth's devious course hath been,

A chequer'd yet a cheerful scene !

Our pleasures to the world are known,

Our silent griefs are all our own !

'Tis sweet to view, from sheltering bower,
The high-arch'd rainbow span the shower ;
But he who still must 'bide the storm,
Cares little for the rainbow's form.

When memory seems to obey the will,
She fails to cull the good from ill ;
But true alike to joy and wee,
She calls them both, her power to show.

Else in the eventful vale of life,
Are scenes with joy and beauty rife ;
Thoughts of imagination rare,
And forms as lover's fancies fair !

These from life's troubles could we take,
Their influence heaven on earth would make ;
The charm that dwells with death would fly,
For who, with these, would wish to die ?

“Mr. James, (not the celebrated novelist) we understand, adds another to the catalogue of bards belonging to the Society of Friends. Not aiming so high as Bernard Barton, or J. H. Wiffen, he has struck a very musical chord, and seems gifted with those feelings which constitute the poet.”

TO A FLY LOITERING NEAR A SPIDER'S WEB.

WILLIAM REID. FROM "THE CITY MUSE."

HASTEN, hasten, little fly,
Pass yon artful tissue by ;
Touch it not, it is a snare—
Rise upon thy native air ;
Give not hesitation breath—
Shun the netted web of death,
See beneath the ambuscade
Schemes of murder darkly laid ;
There the cunning spider lies,
Gloomy foe of thoughtless dies !
Cruel with suspense it waits,
Fix'd as chance preponderates,
Watching thy adventurous limbs,
As the sunny wall thou climbs,
Wandering with exploring eye,
Seeking sweets that hidden lie.
Little know'st thou, witless thing,
What a heedless step may bring.
Pleasure thus arrays her charms,
Rapture kindling in her arms.

Rosy nectar's subtle tide--
Rich in golden channels, glide !
Laughing flowers, enwreath the cup !
Giddy mortal, drain it up '
Now dissolves the potent spell,
Changing into loathsome hell ;
Fell remorse and racking pain
Gnaw the vitals, fire the brain,
Darkening hope and withering thought—
Poison rankling in the draught—
Gather on the thicken'd breath
Emptied in despair and death.
Such is folly's destiny !
As with man, it is with thee :
If, alas ! thou luckless stray,
Reckless of the fatal way,
Then, poor fly, thou liv'st to know
Indiscretion ends in woe.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

JOHN ALLEN WALKER.

Oh ! where are the eyes that once beam'd upon me ?
And where are the friends I rejoiced once to see ?
And where are the hearts that held amity's glow ?
They are gone to the land which no mortal may know !

When shadows of midnight descend o'er the plain,
How drear is the path of the way-faring swain ;
Yet drearer and darker the road I must go,
Ere I rest in that land which no mortal may know !

Yet pilgrims who roam through the glooming of night,
Still hail the bright beams of the dawn-coming light ;
And though the approach of the morning be slow,
Its hope-kindled ray seems to lessen their woe :

And thus when the tear-drop of sorrow I shed,
And bend me above the cold tomb of the dead,
A ray of the future diffuses its glow,
And I look to the land which no mortal may know.

SONG.

Old Border air — "My good Lord John."

THOMAS PRINGLE, BORN AT BLAIKLAW, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
JANUARY 5, 1789, DIED IN LONDON, DECEMBER
5, 1834, BURIED IN BUNHILL FIELDS.

OUR native land—our native vale,—
A long and last adieu;—
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song ;
Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell ye broomy elfin knowes
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell ye hoary haunted howes
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle mound—the Border tower
That Scotia's annals tell ;—

The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,
To each—to all—farewell !

Home of our hearts !—our father's home—
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again !

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native land—our native vale,—
A long, a last adieu ;—
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue

We copy the above touching little ballad from the album of a friend, where it was written by its author a few days before he left for the new colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Pringle was the editor of the first volume of Blackwood's Magazine, as well as the first three volumes of Constable's new series of the Scot's Magazine. For several years he was editor of Friendship's Offering. He is also the author of a volume of poems, entitled the Autumnal Excursion, and of a series of African Sketches in prose and verse.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

MRS. HEMANS (FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE), BORN IN
LIVERPOOL, SEPTEMBER 25, 1793, DIED MAY 16,
1835, BURIED IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest !
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest !
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier ! —By the Father's hand !
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard ! —For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God !

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite !
On thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er thee,

And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken !

Thou hast a hero's tomb !—A lowlier bed
Is her's, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl that bow'd her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave !
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—*She* loved thee !—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not !
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she ?
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother ! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye play'd,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky !
Ye were but two !—and when that spirit pass'd
Woe for the one, the last !

Woe, yet, not long !—She linger'd but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast ;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest !
Too sad a smile !—its living light was o'er,
It answer'd hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled .

What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?

Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !

Softly she perish'd—be the Flower deplored

Here, with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—So let those trust,

That meet for moments, but to part for years,

That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,

That love where love is but a fount of tears !

Brother ! sweet Sister !—peace around ye dwell !

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

“Korner joined Lutzow's volunteers. His fate is well known. Young and handsome, a poet and a hero, loving, and in the full assurance of being beloved, with all life's fairest visions and purest affections about his head and heart, he perished—the miniature of “Toni” being found within his bosom, next to the little pocket book in which he had written the Song of the Sword—the first shattered by the bullet, which had found his heart, the latter stained with his blood.” *Mrs. Jamieson.*

SPECIMEN OF A DUTCH POET

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL. TRANSLATED BY JOHN
BOWRING.

INFANT fairest—beauty rarest—
Who reparaest from above ;
Whoe sweet smiling, woe-begunling,
Lights us with a heavenly love.
Mother ! mourn no —I return not—
Wherefore learn not to be blest ?
Heaven's my home now, where I roam now—
I an angel, and at rest.
Why distress thee ? Still I'll bless thee—
Still caress thee, though I'm fled ;
Cheer life's dullness—pour heaven's fulness
Of bright glory on thy head.
Leave behind thee thoughts that bind thee—
Dreams that blind thee in their glare ;
Look before thee, round thee, o'er thee—
Heaven invites thee—I am there !

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

FROM "THE BUCCANEERS, AND OTHER POEMS," BY JOHN
MALCOLM, 1824.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;
But, from the hour of parting pain,
That bark was never heard of more !

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair ;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer ;
And, oh, the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore ;
Say, were they quench'd in waters cold ?
For she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blinding wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From flowing orb to crescent wan;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secrets well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart;
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart:
It may not be!—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sail'd away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

THE LAKE.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE last pale light was on the sky,
That comes when summer sunbeams die ;
An amber wave, with just a surge
Of crimson on its utmost verge ;
And, spread beneath, like a green ocean,
With not one single wave in motion,
Stood a thick wood ; then far away,
Dark outlined in the sky's clear gray,
Rose mountain-heights, till, to the eye,
They gloom'd like storm-clouds piled on high.
Upon the other eastern shore
Grew, in light groups, the sycamore—
Gay with the bright tints that recall
How autumn and ambition fall ;
Alike departing in their hour,
Of riches, pride, and pomp, and power.
And in their shadow the red deer
Grazed as they had no hour of fear ;
As never here a bow was drawn,
Nor hunter's cry rose with the dawn.

Near, like a wilderness of bloom,
Waved the gold banners of the broom—
Light as the graceful maiden's shape,
And sunny as the curls that 'scape
From the blue snood with which her care
Has had such pride to braid her hair.
The Lake was that deep blue, which night
Wears in the zenith moon's full light ;
With pebbles shining through, like gems
Lighting sultana's diadems :
A little isle laid on its breast,
A fairy gift in its sweet rest.
There stood a convent once—bright eyes
Wasted their light, soft lips their sighs.
Oh ! who can say how much each cell
Has known of youth and hope's farewell—
Of midnight vigil, when each prayer
Laid all the burning bosom bare,
Of those who bow'd not down to sleep,
Of those whom they alone saw weep ?
Or it might tell of those who sought
The peacefulness of holy thought—
The broken heart, the bleeding breast,
That turn'd them to a place of rest.
All is forgotten : there is not
More than trace to mark the spot
So holy once ; just a stain'd stone,
Broken, and with gray moss o'ergrown ;
A fragment of a shatter'd wall ;
One fallen arch ; and these are all.
Wild roses, with their summer glow,
Are tenants of the island now ;
Upon the graves of those who were
Once lovely as themselves.

THE VANISHED STAR.

WILLIAM HARPER.

THE night was dark, the wind was loud,
The ghostly clouds went fleeting by,
When, turning on my couch, I saw
A lonely star was in the sky.

And thus methought :—My Mary, thou
Wast e'er to me in sorrow's night,
When loud the storm, and dark the clouds,
A ruling star, a guiding light.

But thou art gone ; the night is dark,
On cloudy wings the tempests fly ;
There is no light within my heart,—
The star has faded from the sky.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

ALARIC ATTLA WATTS. FROM THE "LITERARY
SOUVENIR," 1825.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasp'd thee to my heart, and heard thy
feeble cries ;—
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me down
to kiss
Thy cherry cheeks and sunny brow, my first-born bud of
bliss !

I turn'd to many a wither'd hope,—to years of grief and
pain,—
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flash'd o'er my
boding brain ;—
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of persecut-
ing foes,—
And I ask'd of Heaven, if ills like these *must* mar thy
youth's repose.

I gaz'd upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my tears—
'Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on
my fears,—

Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of
gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight
skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no
more ;
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that blossom'd
at thy birth,—
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish'd things
of earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though
brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to
fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed ere my
hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is
dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sickness
and in pain ;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope
was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul—for all that thou
hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watch'd thee, day
by day,
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste
away ;

And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not breathe
aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief to wait death's
coming cloud.

It came at length ;—o'er thy bright blue eye the film was
gathering fast,—
And an awful shade pass'd o'er thy brow, the deepest and
the last ;
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy droop-
ing head,—
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the
dead !

Thy gentle mother turn'd away to hide her face from me,
And murmur'd low of heaven's behests, and bliss attain'd
by thee ;—
She would have chid me that I mourn'd a doom so bless'd
as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as
mine.

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Cull'd one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace
now, —
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers—not more
fair and sweet—
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy
feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as
thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of thy
brow,—

They never can replace the bud our early fondness nursed,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not -like thee—the
first !

THE FIRST ! How many a memory bright that one sweet
word can bring,
Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's
delightful spring ;
Of fervid feelings pass'd away—those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unsear'd by such a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my Fairest and my First !
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart
is like to burst ;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing
radiance dart,
And my sighs are hush'd, my tears are dried, when I turn
to what thou *art* !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of
earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many
thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my Fairest and my
First !

FIDELITY.

BION. FROM THE SPANISH.

ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river ;
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair !

She stoop'd, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, loving hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be ?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
“Death, not inconstancy !”

And then her two large languid eyes
So turn'd on mine, that, devil take me,

I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand :
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

COMMON THINGS.

MRS. HAWKSHAW. FROM "POEMS FOR MY CHILDREN,"
1847.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams,
Upon the snowy pillow, where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lonely sea ;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops on the Summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass ;
The village children brush them off
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they ;
And yet we scarcely notice them
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door ;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones,

LOVE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT LOVE."

IN ancient time when Homer sung,
His Grecian lyre to Love was strung;
Sweet Love! the soul-inspiring strain!
Which brings the greatest bliss or pain.—
When Virgil tuned his Latin lyre,
It breathed the same celestial fire;
And when the English poet sings,
What other power can trill his strings?

'Tis by Love's chain the world is hung—
The withering old—the glowing young—
The rich, the poor, and all incline
To kneel at Love's most sacred shrine!
The greatest genius earth can boast,
Has on Love's troubled sea been toss'd;
And as the mind and reason rise,
We read new bliss in woman's eyes!

Yet Love is a most dangerous thing,
Even from the peasant to the king;

And, as all thoughtful poets sing,
Is safest in the marriage ring.
Love charms the heart, but blinds the eyes;
Love every patent truth denies ;
Love, though it may believe in part,
No cautious word can reach the heart.

Love causes bliss, or causes fears—
A sun of smiles—a sea of tears—
A hopeful mind—a broken heart—
Sweet innocence or bastard art.
Love is no simple god to serve ;
Those who enlist can seldom swerve ;
Till, waking from their dream of joy,
They lead a life of cold alloy.

That Love alone is safe from fears—
From broken bliss, and art, and tears,
Which through life's present veil can see
A glimmering of futurity—
Which values temper, truth, and health,
More than the fleeting power of wealth :
All other Loves will prove unkind,
And why ?—because they have been blind !

We have been favoured with the above original poem in the hand-writing of the author of "Silent Love," an extremely sweet and tender poem, first published some six years ago, and which has since gone through many editions. The history of this poem was a remarkable one. The author, James Wilson, was a native of Paisley, and was born in the year 1749 ; he was the only son of his parents, who were of the middle rank of life. He received

a good education in his native town, and then went to Glasgow College, to study for the profession of physic. There he remained until the death of his father, after which he was withdrawn from college, and commenced business as an apothecary, in which he succeeded, and was enabled to realize a small independence, on which he retired, and lived with his mother until her death. His nephew, in the short biographical memoir prefixed to the poem of "Silent Love," goes on to state that—"he was long observed to look solitary; he had scarcely a companion; and it was thought that some disappointment in love was the cause; but, as he had no confidant, the matter was never revealed. He was then in his thirty-fifth year, and betook himself to travelling, and after many years he returned, and stayed many years with my mother in Causewayside-street. I was young at the time, and can only remember that he was my companion—had a good disposition—could sing well, and read much. He also wrote occasionally, but we never knew what; and, at last he grew so morose, particularly when among strangers, that no one could elicit the thoughts of his mind. In the autumn of 1806 he fell into a speedy decline, and died on the 7th of March. 1807, leaving still the history of his love a sealed letter; and the name of his fair one is now a secret for ever."

It appears from the poem, which was brought to light long after his death, that he had, in the course of his life, entertained a secret passion for a young woman, which engrossed his whole being, and gave a colour to his entire future life. It may have been a hopeless passion, it was a concealed one; for he does not seem ever to have revealed his love to the object herself. Strange the power of one thrilling glance from a human eye, that it should thus

transfix another being, and enchain his thoughts for life ! Yet such appears to have been the case here. This man loved tenderly, passionately, hopelessly,—poured out his life in one long sigh—and went to the grave, taking his secret with him. The little poem, which his nephew has since given to the world, is an extremely graceful and touching production, and though never intended for publication, it is worthy the pen of Pope ; having all his elegance, and much more than his feeling and passion. The above lines are inferior to it, but still they are curious and interesting ; and we trust they will be found worthy the perusal of our readers. From the date on the manuscript, the lines seem to have been written in the same year that the author died.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*, June, 1851.

THE HOURS.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, BORN IN LONDON IN 1773.
DIED ON SHIP-BOARD IN THE GULF OF FLORIDA,
IN JULY, 1818.

NE'ER were the zephyrs known disclosing
More sweets, than when in Tempe's shades
They waved the lilies, where reposing,
Sat four-and-twenty lovely maids.

Those lovely maids were call'd "the Hours,"
The charge of Virtue's flock they kept ;
And each in turn employ'd her powers
To guard it while her sisters slept.

False Love, how simple souls thou cheatest !
In myrtle bower that traitor near
Long watch'd an Hour—the softest, sweetest—
The evening Hour, to shepherds dear.

In tones so bland he praised her beauty ;
Such melting airs his pipe could play,
The thoughtless Hour forgot her duty,
And fled in Love's embrace away.

Meanwhile the fold was left unguarded ;
The wolf broke in, the lambs were slain ;
And now from Virtue's train discarded,
With tears her sisters speak their pain.

Time flies, and still they weep ; for never
The fugitive can time restore ;
An Hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more !

WHO ARE THE LIVING OF THE EARTH ?

JOHN MILLS. FROM "THE FESTIVE WREATH." 1842.

Who are the living of the earth ?
Not they that creep, like slugs, from birth
Through noteless years to nameless graves.—
The spark celestial early craves
Celestial aliment, and wings,
To roam amid all glorious things ;
The pinions germ—the heights are won,
And richly then lives Fancy's Son !
Music winding the world about
Tempt's spirit-cloister'd echoes out ;
Within him, Beauty's moulds and dies
Mingle their eternities.
Mark him on yon promontory
Fledging his vision for flight of glory ;
For, oh, what a beautiful world is ours,
Bright waters, green meadows, and twilight bowers !
And seen by the youth from his mountain-peak,
They sleep on the plain so bland and meek ;
The blue sky kissing the ocean white,
Dim on the outer verge of sight ;

The city's pride of spires and domes ;
The hamlet-cluster of peasant homes ;
The river, curved like an argent snake
Through flowery sward, and woodland brake.
For years 'twill be life's dew to find
That scene's fair reflex in his mind !

Mark the same mute, earnest form,
When the spirit of the speeding storm
Sends mystic bodings through the trees,
Which move and moan without a breeze ;
When clouds brood low o'er the stifled earth,
And scowl in the throes of the thunder-birth ;
When boundeth the big, unswerving rain ;
When the lurid line cleaves the vault in twain,
And the sound-billows leap from the firmament,
As if heaven's primeval vail were rent ;—
Mark that flush'd brow and throbbing eye,
For, solved by intensest sympathy,
His spirit is blent with the tempest strife.—
Oh this is living,—this is life !

Who are the living of the earth ?
The bubbles of passion and joyless mirth
Are freighted with many a slave of lust,
Whose name shall moulder with his dust ;
But what of worthy life has this,—
To note the orb of early bliss
Wane from its goodly matin-prime
Chill and dim with lapsing time,
Even memory trembling with the breath
Above the oblivious maw of death ?

A nobler tale hath every age,
Of bard, and orator, and sage -
Immortal. Oh, thou old Greek glory,
The sire sublime of song and story !
And thou, our own, whose poet-spell
Pierced highest heaven and deepest hell !
Twins in darkness and in light,
Twins in weakness and in might !
What power thus wraps the mighty heart
In steel defiance to the dart
Which quells all meaner lives and fames ?
Ye *would not die* ! Ye green'd your names
With amaranth for ever vernal,
Blooming by the stream eternal.
Whose waters zone the earth, that we
May lave our lorn humanity,
While from their fringed verge we cull
Wreaths of the deathless beautiful !

And the world hath yet some nobly great,
Who have planted the heel on baffled Fate,
And some hath yet our own loved land ;
And some are here. Hail, Poet-band !
A glorious dower is yours, as well
Your own entrancing lyres can tell.
From depths of thought and heights of dream
Ye have caught the old ethereal beam.
Your souls are seas of priceless things,
Emotions and imaginings,
And ye scoop the leaping waves among,
To freshen the world with the dews of song.
Earth's glow and burnish in your eyes,
Ye gaze upon a paradise :

For you the day hath a radiant car,
And steeds of fire, which shower afar,
From their burning hoofs, our golden light :
And chastely beautiful the night
Puts on her sable stole and smiles,
While the pale Queen-moon and the starry isles
Look love, and sing in their choired spheres
Till the flowers are trembling with Nature's tears !

Are the flowers fair in their dewy dreaming ?
Are the streams pure on their moss-beds gleaming ?
Are bird-voices sweet in pleasant green places ?
Is there soul in the smiles of our human graces ?
Why bare the great Mother this lavish birth ?
'Twas for you, ye living of the Earth !

FRIENDS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere !

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away ;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

SONG, FROM "FANNY."

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

YOUNG thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme ;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of showers.

There's music in the forest leaves,
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls.
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day,
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft, in after years,
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

To-day the forest leaves are green ;
They'll wither on the morrow ;
And the maiden's laugh be changed, ere long,
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest-birds ;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

EPIGRAM.

FROM " LE RAMELET MOUNDI," BY GODELIN.

THE gay, who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies ;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

BALLAD.

R. R. FROM THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SWEEP on, ye winds, my love ye bear
To distant climes, o'er dangerous seas,
Where Nature strives, with effort rare,
Man's wild, inconstant mind to please.
Rise, favouring zephyrs, rise for her,
With watchful care
My fair one bear,
For every wave
Has been the grave
Of some ill-fated Mariner !

Where those watch-towers rise sublime,
Those on which the white spray's tost,
There in summer's sunniest time,
There the proudest bark was lost.
Long time did Fate her frown defer,
But giant strength
Was tired at length,
And every wave
Became the grave
Of some ill-fated Mariner !

The sails are spread to catch the wind,
In memory lives my love's last vow ;
Adieu ! Adieu ! to Fate resign'd,
I scorn to weep or murmur now.
May gentle zephyrs rise for her,
And fleetly bear
My faithful fair,
O'er every wave
That marks the grave
Of some ill-fated Mariner !

THE CROW.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. FROM "MANCHESTER
POETRY," 1838. W. H. AINSWORTH WAS BORN IN
KING-STREET, MANCHESTER, FEBRUARY 4, 1805.

THE carrion crow is a sexton bold,
He taketh the dead from out the mould,
He delveh the ground, like a miser old,
Stealthily hiding his store of gold.

The carrion crow hath a coat of black,
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back ;
Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—
The fouller the ofial, the richer his prey.

The carrion crow hath a dainty maw,
With savoury pickings he crammeth his craw;
Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,
It never can *hang* too long for him.

The carrion crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,
Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead;
No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,
For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit.

Caw ! Caw ! the Carrion Crow !
Dig ! Dig ! in the ground below !

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

THOMAS. K. HERVEY. FROM "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."
1826.

WAKE, soldier !—wake !—thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back ;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates ;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac ;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust !

Sleep, soldier !—sleep !—thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain

Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle-plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep !

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,
—Beyond the Grecian hero's boast, —
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink beneath a myriad host.—
For head and *heel* alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound !

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild widow'd look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems !—
She kiss'd thee, at the cottage door.
And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy !

Sleep, soldier !—let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last ;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering
echoes fail !

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

REV. GEORGE CROLY. FROM THE "FORGET ME NOT," 1826.

OH thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves !

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom ;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told ?--
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall
Secure from steel and storm ;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The cankerworm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning beam ;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream ;

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the nightbird's love—
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?
Where are thy bright and brave ?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
Look on that wave !

Crime deepen'd on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven ;
There power uprear'd the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word sent forth—the word of woe —
The judgment-thunders peal'd ;
The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
Its doom was seal'd.

Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

FROM "ODES, REFLECTIVE AND HISTORICAL," BY RICHARD
PORTER HEWITT, 1831. MR. HEWITT, WHO WAS BORN AT
CHESTER, DIED IN MANCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 1, 1847,
AN ISOLATED AND DISAPPOINTED MAN.

WHILST mortals rest their weary heads,
The moon her mild effulgence sheds,
With silver tips each distant tower,
And silent is the midnight hour.

O cold pale orb, beneath whose view
How many drink the cup of rue !
How many grief-worn accents pour
Their sorrows to the midnight hour !

Now hoary autumn's leaf-strewn plain
Again announces winter's reign ;
Once more the youthful year is past.
With deeds to utter darkness cast.

Vain creature of a summer's day !
Man's generations pass away,
Like leaves of the autumnal morn,
Or grain beneath the sickle shorn.

Then snatch, as brief as fleeting breath,
Each pleasure from the jaws of death ;
As some sweet pipe, deep in the bower,
Breaks softly on the midnight hour.

Enough of pain for life to bear ;—
Enough of bliss for death to dare ;—
With manly resignation wait
The final hour assign'd by fate.

NAPOLÉON'S GRAVE.

The following lines, addressed to the French nation on their proposing to remove Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France, are from the pen of the Rev. H. F. Lyte.

DISTURB him not ! he slumbers well
On his rock mid the western deep,
Where the broad blue waters round him swell,
And the tempests o'er him sweep.

Oh ! leave him where his mountain bed
Looks o'er the Atlantic wave,
And the mariner high in the far grey sky
Points out Napoleon's grave !

There, midst three mighty continents,
That trembled at his word,
Wrapt in his shroud of airy cloud,
Sleeps Europe's warrior lord :
And there on the heights still seems to stand
At eve his shadowy form,—
His grey capote on the mist to float,
And his voice in the midnight storm.

Disturb him not ! though bleak and bare,
That spot is all his own ;
And truer homage was paid him there
Than on his hard-won throne.
Earth's trembling monarchs there at bay
The caged lion kept ;
For they knew with dread, that his iron tread
Woke earthquakes where he stopt.

Disturb him not ! vain France, thy clime
No resting-place supplies,
So meet, so glorious, so sublime,
As that where thy hero lies.
Mock not that grim and mouldering wreck !
Revere that bleaching brow !
Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
A puppet-pageant now !

Born in a time when blood and crime
Raged through thy realm at will,

He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
And the storm at once was still.
He rear'd from the dust thy prostrate state,
Thy war-flag wide unfurl'd,
And bade thee thunder at every gate
Of the capitals of the world.

And will ye from his rest dare call
The thunderbolt of war,
To grin and chatter around his pall,
And scream your "*Vive le glorie !*"
Shall melo-dramic obsequies
His honour'd dust deride ?
Forbid it, human sympathies !
Forbid it, Gallie pride !

What ! will no withering thought occur,
No thrill of cold mistrust,
How empty all this pomp and stir
Above a little dust ?
And will it not your pageant dim,
Your arrogance rebuke,
To see what now remains of him
Who once the empires shook ?

Then let him rest in his stately couch
Beneath the open sky,
Where the wild waves dash, and the lightnings flash,
And the storms go wailing by.
Yes, let him rest ! such men as he
Are of no time or place ;
They live for ages yet to be,—
They die for all their race.

“EXHUMATION OF NAPOLEON.—When, by the hand of Dr. Guillard, the satin sheet was raised, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, most of whom burst into tears. The Emperor himself was before their eyes! His features, though changed, were perfectly recognised—the hands perfectly beautiful—his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colours were easily distinguished. The epaulettes, the decorations, and the hat, seemed to be entirely preserved from decay. The attitude itself was full of ease; and but for the fragments of the satin lining, which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we saw before us Napoleon still extended on a bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which had been deposited in the coffin, and in the precise position which they had previously described. It was even remarked, that the left hand which General Bertrand had taken up to kiss for the last time before the coffin was closed up, still remained slightly raised.”—*Newspaper Paragraph, November, 1840.*

When the remains of Napoleon were removed from St. Helena, they were followed to France by the old serjeant of the Guards who had stood sentry over them for nearly twenty years; he was cheered on his landing with all the grateful enthusiasm which his devotion merited.

BALLAD.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, SECRETARY TO THE SCOTTISH QUEENS,
MARY AND ANNE. FROM "THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND,
ANCIENT AND MODERN."

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisses every thing it meets :
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells !

But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none .

POETS.

J. A. G. FROM THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

POETS of old, when Love inspired,
Warm, naked Nature drew ;
They saw her glowing charms—were fired,
And sang of all they knew.

Not so their sons—a modest band !
Each, strong in virtue, draws
A lucid veil, with decent hand,
And paints her through the gauze.

PUFF OF A SELLER OF EAR OIL FOR DEAFNESS.

ANONYMOUS.

It's not for me, and indeed I know it,
To puff my own oil off, and blow it ;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf

That she might have had a percussion cap
Knock'd on her head without hearing it suap ;
Well, I sold her the oil, and the very next day
She *heard* from her husband at Botany Bay.

THE LAUREL.

F. P. H.

THE Laurel takes an age to grow ;
And he who gives his name to fate
Must plant it early, reap it late ;
Nor pluck the blossoms as they spring,
So beautiful, yet perishing.

AN INDIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE WATER SPIRIT.

HENRY GILPIN. FROM "MEMORY; THE SCEPTIC; AND
OTHER POEMS," 1837.

"And as the stars shone in the heavens they worshipped the spirit
of the waters."

Indian Traveller.

SWEET spirit of the calm untroubled waters,
With what unfeign'd delight I view thee here;
Bright as the fairest flower of Persia's daughters,
Fleet as the fawn and timid as the deer.

And now I see thy sylph-like form ascending,
Amid the brightness of the silvery spray;
And as in rapture I am o'er thee bending,
Thy form of radiance shrouds the god of day.

And now again I see thee on the billow,
. And once again I view thee on the blast,—
Carcering on the lightning; with thy pillow,
The eternal thunder-cloud, behind thee cast.

I see thee rising from the depths of ocean,
Sporting in triumph on the billowy foam ;
Whilst each tumultuous wave, each wild commotion,
Wafts thee still nearer to thy own bright home.

And now thou'rt fled ! yet still the pleasing vision
Hovers around me with a radiant gleam ;
But, oh ! the splendour of each new transition,
Fades like the fleeting phantom of a dream.

Great spirit ! whom I worship and adore,
Thou art my guide and my director here ;
I long to join thee on a happier shore,
With the bright spirit of the waters clear,
To sing thy praise.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

ANONYMOUS. FROM "HUSBAND HUNTING, OR THE
MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS," 1825.

COME to my heart, thou pledge of love !
And while with life its pulses move,
In absence, peril, far or near,
Come to my heart, and rest thee here !
My days of youth are gone and past,
My manhood's hour is overcast :

My later destiny may have
A wanderer's life, a stranger's grave :
But whether eyes of love shall weep
Where thy pale master's relics sleep ;
Or whether on the wave or plain,
This bosom shall forget its pain ;
Yet where I rove, or where I fall,
To me thou shalt be all in all.

Come to my heart ! When thou art nigh,
The parting hour is on mine eye ;
I see the chesnut ringlets roll'd
Round the bright forehead's Grecian mould,
The ruby lip, the pencil'd brow,
The cheeks delicious April glow,
The smile, a sweet and sunny beam
Upon life's melancholy stream ;
The glance of soul, pure, splendid, high—
Till all the vision wanders by,
Like angels to their brighter sphere ;
And leaves me lone and darkling here !

THE SEPTEMBER FROST.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR. FROM "THE LEGEND OF GENE-
VIEVE, WITH OTHER TALES AND POEMS; BY DELTA."

1825.

WITHIN a wood I lay reclined,
Upon a dull September day,
And listen'd to the hollow wind,
That shook the frail leaves from the spray.
I thought me of its summer pride,
And how the sod was gemm'd with flowers,
And how the river's azuro tide
Was overarch'd with leafy bowers.
And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
And lattice-work the sunshine made,
When last, upon a summer day,
I stray'd beneath that woodland shade.

And now!—it was a startling thought,
And flash'd like lightning o'er the mind,—
That like the leaves we pass to nought,
Nor, parting, leave a track behind!

Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
And, as among the tombs ye tread,
Read, on the pedestals around,
Memorials of the vanish'd dead.
They lived like us—they breathed like us—
Like us, they loved, and smiled, and wept;
But soon their hour arriving, thus
From earth like autumn leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one !
To earth are theirs dissever'd claims;
To new inheritors have gone
Their habitations, and their names !
Think on our childhood—where are they,
The beings that begirt us then ?
The Lion Death hath dragged away
By turns, the victim to his den !
And springing round, like vernal flowers,
Another race with vigour burns,
To bloom awhile,—for years or hours,—
And then to perish in their turns !

Then be this wintry grove to me
An emblem of our mortal state ;
And from each lone and leafless tree,
So wither'd, wild, and desolate,
This moral lesson let me draw,—
That earthly means are vain to fly
Great Nature's universal law,
And that we all must come to die !
However varied, these alone
Abide the lofty and the less,—
Remembrance, and a sculptured stone,
A green grave and forgetfulness.

A LOVER'S BALLAD.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY. FROM "THE AMULET," 1831.

SHE'S in my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But, oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON. FROM "THE KEEPSAKE,"
1831.

I HAVE no early flowers to fling
O'er thy yet earlier grave ;
O'er it the morning lark may sing,
By it the bright rose wave ;
The very night-dew disappears
Too soon, as if it spared its tears.

Thou art forgotten !—thou, whose feet
Were listen'd for like song !
They used to call thy voice so sweet—
It did not haunt them long.
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth !

There is no picture to recall
Thy glad and open brow ;
No profiled outline on the wall
Seems like thy shadow now ;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last appears
But just like yesterday ;
It startles me to think that years
Since then are past away :
The old oak tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
Drove us beneath the shade ;
A beautiful and greenwood bower
The spreading branches made :
The rain-drops shine upon the bough,
The passing rain—but where art thou ?

But I forget how many showers
Have wash'd this good oak tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
Since I stood here with thee :
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
As if they still should weep ;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
As if it could not sleep :
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness—
Have I, myself, forgotten less ?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
In silence and in shade :
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine ?

Ah ! it is well we can forget,
Or who would linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
On earth whose flowers are gone ?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear.

Our early friends, those of our youth !
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then :
We grow suspicious, careless, cold ;
We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and believing we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to trust and share
The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time,
And now that it is past,
It breathes as of a purer clime
Than where my lot is cast :
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.

It shock'd me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb—
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom :
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recall'd its own :
'Tis Hope that now breathes out thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone :
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.

Farewell ! the early dews that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed
Are like thy thoughts that now recall
Thine image from the dead :
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell !

THE TENDER PASSION.

ELIZABETH WILLISFORD MILLS. FROM "SYBIL LEAVES :
POEMS AND SKETCHES." 1826.

THEY said I must not sing of love—
I threw my lyre away ;
For oh ! I could not wake one tone
Without that dearest lay.

'Twas strange to bid a woman's heart
Forbear its loveliest power ;
They might as well tell Nature's hand
It must not rear a flower.

They might as well forbid the sky
To give her forms of light,—
Fell forms of light they must not shine
Upon the clouds of night.

The flowerets they are nature's own,
And stars the midnight seek ;
And Love his sweet untr tranquil rose
Has thrown on woman's cheek.

'Tis vain to fly from destiny,
For all is ruled above ;
Nature has flowers, and night has stars,
And woman's heart has love.

And if I must not sing of love,
Throw, throw the lyre away ;
For oh, I cannot wake one tone,
Without life's dearest lay.

STANZAS.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. FROM "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,"
1826.

For me—for me, whom all have left,
—The lovely, and the dearly loved,—
From whom the touch of time hath reft
The hearts that time had proved,

Whose guerdon was—and is—despair,
For all I bore—and all I bear ;

Why should I linger idly on,
Amid the selfish and the cold,
A dreamer—when such dreams are gone
As those I nursed of old !
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,
A blighted and a wither'd thing !

How blest—how blest that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep !
To win my way from the tempest's roar,
And lay me down on the golden shore !

Mr. Hervey was born on the banks of the Cart, near Paisley. He is the oldest of his family by his father's second marriage, and was brought to Manchester by his parents whilst yet an infant. He resided in that town for many years, and served a clerkship to the law. Subsequently he resided and studied two years at Cambridge. He entered at the Bar, and has served the terms necessary to qualify him for that profession, but he was never "called." Mr. Hervey has for some years resided chiefly in London. He was editor of the *Athenæum* for a lengthened period, and retired from that office only a few months ago, when he was succeeded by Mr. W. H. Dixon, also a Manchester poet.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

THOMAS HOOD, BORN IN LONDON, IN 1798, DIED IN THE
SAME CITY, MAY 3, 1845, BURIED IN KENSAL-GREEN
CEMETERY.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now !
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man.

Once they made choice of my base voice
To share in each duet ;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set :
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan :
Me draw !—me paint !—me anything !—
I'm not a single man !

Once I was ask'd advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "my pretty page,"
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemm'd a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can,—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;

They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man !

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks,
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan :
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man !

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing ;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring :
And yet each Miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign. I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man !

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel
Of quite another clan :
Comp ll'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man !

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine :

She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man !

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand !
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man !

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But surely not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch ?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan ?
But I have been myself pick'd up—
I'm not a single man !

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I'm not a single man !

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now :—
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man !

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BRYAN WALTER PROCTER. FROM "ENGLISH SONGS."

How many Summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
Time, like the winged wind
When it bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves ;

Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known ;
Sweet looks we half forget ;—
All else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing !
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

WALTER R. CASSELS. FROM "EIDOLON, OR THE COURSE
OF A SOUL; AND OTHER POEMS," 1850.

EVER onward sweep the Nations,
Marching with a mighty train,
Prince and peasant, youth and maiden,
Toiling, struggling o'er Life's plain ;

Turning from the land that bore them,
From the loving ties of old,

Still to wander, weary pilgrims,
O'er the wide world after gold.

Little reck they of the dangers,
Little reck they of the woes,
Urged along by strong endeavour,
Heedless both of friends and foes :

Gazing on the shadow moving
At their sides till sun hath set,
Ever whispering to their spirit,
"Courage ! we will grasp it yet !"

Over plain and over mountain,—
Rocks their zeal can ne'er resist,
Up the rugged heights they clamber
Till they perish in the mist ;

Down the steep and pathless hollows
Blindly falling as they speed,
Calling still with dying accents
On their fellows to take heed :

Over stream, and trackless ocean,
With the storm-cloud hatching nigh,
Ever waiting there to thunder
At the bidding of the sky :

Tossing on the angry billow,
Heart and soul beset with fear,
Yet with longing all unshaken,
Onward through the blast they steer :

Over marsh, and sandy desert,
Sinking 'neath the scorching sun,
Hopeless, weary, madly thirsting,
Slowly dying, one by one :

Leaving many a bone to whiten
By the wayside, and to tell
By mortality's drear tide-marks,
How its surges rose and fell :

Through the spring, and through the summer,
When the flowers are on the lea ;
Through the autumn when the blossoms
Fade and wither drearily :

Through the chill and ghostly winter
When the year is in its shroud,
And corruption preys on Nature,
Stooping fiercely from its cloud :

Through the light and through the darkness,
Through the rain and through the snow,
Striving onward without resting,
Seeking gold above, below ;

In the earth, and in the water,
In the rock, and in the clay,
Gathering up the sandy beaches,
Searching, sifting them away ;

Never resting, but with spirits
Eager, breathless to attain,

Evermore they hurry forward
To their purpose o'er life's plain ;

With their garments waxing olden,
And their sandals wearing out,
And the sinews growing weaker
That once bore them up so stout :

With the vision ever dimmer
To discern the cherish'd prize.
Till at length upon his travail,
At each step some pilgrim dies ;

His glazed eye still feebly turning
E'en in death unto the goal
That yet glimmers far beyond him,
The life-haven of his soul.

But a stalwart phalanx presseth
Onward still with hearts serene,
Strong in faith and steadfast courage,
Meeting toil with dauntless mien :

Working out their primal mission
Through the calm and through the blast.
Gathering fitness for the future
From the Present, and the Past.

Thus enduring, thus pursuing,
Foster'd by a mighty hand,
Through all dangers of the travel,
Come they to the Golden Land ;—

Find the treasures they are seeking
Richly pour'd into ther breast ;
Toil and danger ever finish'd
Now they sweetly take their rest ;

With the light of glory shining
From the Godhead on their souls,
Whilst above them the broad banner
Of Eternity unrolls.

CONFESSIOX.

ROSA. FROM THE " LITERARY GAZETTE.

NAY, holy father, come not near,
The secrets of my heart to hear ;
For not to mortal ear I tell
The griefs that in this bosom swell,
The thoughts, the wishes, wild and vain,
That wander through this burning brain.
Frail fellow-being ! why should I
Before *thee* kneel imploringly ?
'Twere worse than madness to believe
Man can his brother-worm forgive,
Or yield unto the contrite one
That peace which comes from Heaven alone.

No ! let me spend my vesper hour
In commune with a higher Power :
The world shut out, I'll lowly bend
To my Almighty Father, Friend !
To Him for mercy I'll appeal,
To Him my inmost soul reveal :
He knows the heart that He has made,
By each alternate passion sway'd,
And can forgive it ; for He knows
Its wants, its weakness, and its woes.
By His protecting pardon blest,
How sweetly might I sink to rest,
And sleep. His sheltering wing beneath.
Though 'twere the last dark sleep of death !

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF A BEAU-
TIFUL STATUE OF A DEAD CHILD.

MRS. ALARIC A. WATTS. FROM THE "LITERARY
SOUVENIR," 1831.

I SAW thee in thy beauty ! bright phantom of the past ;
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last ;
And though years since then have glided by of mingled
 bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair !

I saw thee in thy beauty ! thou wert graceful as the lawn,
When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the
lawn ;

I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight !

I saw thee in thy beauty ! with thy sister by thy side—
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride !
I look'd upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made me
wise !

I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls—
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of
pearls ;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she
smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the
child.

I saw thee in thy beauty ! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I press'd thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even
thou could'st die !
Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous pre-
sence made ;
But I only *saw* the sunshine, and I *felt* alone the shade !

I see thee in thy beauty ! for there thou seem'st to lie
In slumber resting peacefully ; but, oh ! the change of eye
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no
more,
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of
yore.

I see thee in thy beauty ! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast :
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run ;
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but
one.

I see thee in thy beauty ! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quell'd her glance of
pride ;
The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied
curls.

I see thee in thy beauty ! as I saw thee on *that* day—
But the mirth that gladden'd then thy home, fled with thy
life away :
I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor—
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes—and I can see
no more !

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

JOHN BALL. FROM "THE FESTIVE WREATH," 1842.

HOPE of the future, pledge of promise past !
Of Love's choice gifts, the loveliest and the last ;
For thee I string my lowly lyre again,
And hail thy natal day with soul-pour'd-strain.



How fondly hath young Time, with golden wing,
Faun'd thy bright form, as zephyr fans the spring !
And brought each bursting beauty into birth,
Like flowers that bloom to bless God's beauteous earth

No touch of sorrow, and no trace of blight,
Have left their impress on thy brow of light ;
But rosy health hath rounded thy fair face,
With look of innocence, and smile of grace.

This added year hath taught thy little feet,
With tripping glee, each well-known step to greet,
And lisp thy parent's name with warbling word,
Sweet as the music of the midnight bird.

God-given child ! in beauty's form array'd—
A folded floweret in the lowly glade—
Oh, may thy mind expand each passing hour,
In stainless glory, as such wilding flower.

This day, to heaven a seraph-wing shall bear
A father's blessing and a mother's prayer ;
And oh, may God shed o'er thine every day
The light that never fades—pure Virtue's ray !

SONG.

FROM THE "REMAINS OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES WOLFE."

Go, forget me - why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee,
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell:

Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and Beauty, fare ye well !
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted,
 Glory's burning—generous swell,
 Fancy and the poet's shell.

TWILIGHT WITH THE FAIRIES

EMMA ROBERTS.

A FAIRY grot, and a fairy lute,
 A fairy bark to float over the tide,
When the winds are hush'd, and the waters mute,
 And the sun has sunk to his ocean bride.

How joyous it is to sit within
 That elfin cave with its crystal spars,
While the glittering waves come dancing in.
 As they catch the light of the gleaming stars !

How joyous to list to the fairy song
 Which swells o'er that broad and tranquil sea—
While Nereid voices the notes prolong,
 With their wild and thrilling minstrelsy !

Joyous it is in our fairy boat,
When dolphins sport on the trackless main,
Like viewless spirits of air to float,
And steer to our sparry grot again.

Joyous it is with the fairy crew
To share the feast so daintily spread—
To quaff the honied and rainbow'd dew,
And sip the perfume from roses shed.

Oh ! when will the twilight hour arrive,
With its mystic sounds and its mystic sights !
For who in this dull cold world would live,
When fairy land offers such strange delights ?

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DEATH AND THE WORLD.

MRS. FLETCHER (MARIA JANE JEWSBURY), DIED OF ASIATIC
CHOLERA, OCTOBER 3, 1833, WHILST ON HER WAY
FROM SHOLAPORE TO BOMBAY.

I CALL the world a gay, good world,
Of its smiles and bounties free :
But Death, alas ! is the king of this world,
And he holds a grave for me.

The world hath gold—it is bright and red ;
It hath love, and the love is sweet ;
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute ; —
But all these with Death must meet.

Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love
He will bury beneath dark mould ;
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,
Written on marble cold !

THE NIGHT OF THE NECKAR.

FROM "THE KEEPSAKE," FOR 1828.

NECKAR, night is on thy stream,
Have the stars forgot to gleam ?
'Tis the purple month of June,
Where has twilight fled so soon ?
Never was a deeper shade
On thy wave by winter laid.

And the breeze that now was clinging
To thy flowers eternal springing ;
And the sounds that on it stole,
Lulling all the sense, the soul :
Where are they ? Dark, chill, and strong,
Sweeps the sudden gale along.

Neckar, thy pellucid wave
Loved these blossom'd banks to lave ;
Lingering, like an infant's play,
On its joyous summer way :
Now that smooth and silver tide
Bursts a turrent wild and wide.

Hark ! a fearful melody !
Swells it from the earth, or sky ?
Like the sound of troubled sleep,
Joy might at its angnish weep ;
Yet, as rolls its wondrous flow,
Mirth might mingle with the woe.

Now upon the waters dance
Flashes of the helm and lance ;
Now emerging shapes are seen,
Robed in silk and jewell'd sheen ;
Proudly follow'd, on the tide
Walk a chieftain and his bride.

And upon the river's breast
Seems a mighty pile to rest,
Rich with sculptures old and quaint,
Gilded martyr, marble saint ;
While beneath its copins dim,
Sounds of holy chantings swim.

See ! a gleam above them plays ;
Now it reddens to a blaze !
From the altar where they kneel
Bursts a sudden clash of steel :
Hark ! the wild, soul-piercing cry
Lips can give but once, and die !

All is still ! In blood and ashes,
Seen across the sinking flashes,
Leaning on his sabre bare,
Stands a figure of despair,
He who fired that holy hall :
Now he has his vengeance—all !

What is reeking by his side ?
Ashes, that were once a bride :
What is blackening on the floor ?
'Tis a brother's bosom-gore !
Terrors on his vision rise :
Murderer ! thou hast had thy prize !

As decays the final spark,
Forms are flashing through the dark,
Shapes of giant fang and limb :
Down he sinks, and all is dim.
He is gone ! that parting ban
Never came from mortal man !

Ever, till the endless night,
Shall the lost one wing his flight ;
Forced in tenfold pangs to gaze
On the pomp, the blood, the blaze,
At the hour the deed was done,
Neckar, while thy stream shall run !

LORD BYRON'S LAST VERSES.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move :
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle :
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hopes, the fears, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here, it is not here.
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now —
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see,
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake not Greece !—she is awake !
Awake my spirit '—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home.

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth, why live ?
The land of honourable death
Is here ; up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave for thee is best :
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Missolonghi, January 22, 1824. On this day I complete
my 36th year. BYRON.

A WORD TO THE FEW.

MALCOLM ROSS. FROM "THE CITY MUSE."

THE world is not wholly deserted
By man who is friendly to man ;
The *few*, we might say, are bad-hearted ;
The *many* do good when they can.
Deceit does not walk in our streets
Where'er we encounter their throng,
Though the 'evil eye' doubts all it meets—
We will think so, although we be wrong.

If we prove, in our search for subsistence,
To meanness we never can bend,
We will find such a one in existence,
Perhaps when least look'd for—a friend.
Abuses lie mostly within,
And these are worse, far worse to cure ;
Be true to yourself, and you win—
Be false, and to lose be as sure.

The spirit of freedom increases
As man seeks his welfare in peace ;
The moment that jealousy ceases,
That moment will comfort increase.
Then think not the world is your foe,
And if you be arm'd with the *right*,
The *wrong* you may suffer, well know,
Will sooner be brought to the light.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

THOMAS MOORE. FROM "EVENINGS IN GREECE," 1827.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side,
The one was Memory's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain ?
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again .

And said, "Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too !"

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 30 (according to another authority, May 28), 1780 ; he died February 26, 1852, at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wiltshire ; and lies interred in the neighbouring village churchyard of Bromham.

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TIME.

ANONYMOUS. FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

THE heart may live a lifetime in an hour,
And well embrace
A lifetime's energy, and strength, and power,
Within that space.

We do it wrong, Time by one rule to reckon ;
For by our state—
As our stern fears deter, or fond hopes beckon
Should it bear date.

A minute's agony appears a day :
Years of delight
Seem, traced by memory, having pass'd away,
Transient as light.

With Love Time flies, Hate makes it linger ;
Says youth, " Be past !"
Age, pointing to its sands with eager finger,
Murmurs, " Too fast !"

v

" ECCE HOMO !"

(SUGGESTED BY CARLO DOLCI'S PICTURE.)

ISABELLA VARLEY (MRS. G. L. BANKS). FROM " IVY
LEAVES," 1844.

" Ecce Homo !" Ye who glide,
In Life's state-barge, down Pleasure's tide,
Cast your purple robes aside,
Lift Wealth's gold-embroider'd veil,
Furl soft Luxury's silken sail ;—
Look upon that forehead pale,—
On that mocking garment's woof,
And confess the mute reproof ;—

Ease outspreads *your* downy bed,—
Where might Jesus rest his head ?
For *your sins* a Saviour died,—
Erring mortals, vanquish pride !

“ Ecce Homo ! ” Ye who press
The tear-steep'd couch of wretchedness,
Rack'd with pangs of sad distress,—
Ye who tread life's thorny road,
Bow'd by misery's weary load,
Bleeding 'neath oppression's goad,—
Learn to bear, as He hath borne,
Wrong, and suffering, and scorn ;—
Mark his agonizing throes,
Mark his persecuting foes ;
Let the Man of Sorrows' pain
Murmuring discontent restrain.

“ Ecce Homo ! ” Ye who swell
With passion's tumult, hard to quell,
Hither turn, and rage dispel ;—
Ye who, stern of heart and mind,
Cherish memories unkind,
Seeking vengeance, madly blind,—
View Him, injured and oppress'd,
While His enemies He bless'd,—
View Him, tortured unto death,
Blessing with his latest breath ;—
And as ye would seek to live,
Learn of Jesus to forgive !

INFANCY.

REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

A CHILD beside a mother kneels,
With eyes of holy love,
And fain would lisp the vow it feels
To Him enthroned above.

'That cherub gaze, that stainless brow
So exquisitely fair '
Who would not be an infant now,
To breathe an infant's prayer ?

No sin hath shaded its young heart,
The eye scarce knows a tear ;
'Tis bright enough from earth to part,
And grace another sphere !

And I was once a happy thing,
Like that which now I see ;
No May-bird, on ecstatic wing,
More beautifully free :

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,
The flower that danced and shone—
All hues and sounds, above, below,
Were joys to feast upon !

Let wisdom smile—I oft forget
The colder haunts of men,
To hie where infant hearts are met,
And be a child again :

To look into the laughing eyes,
And see the wild thoughts play,
While o'er each cheek a thousand dies
Of mirth and meaning stray.

Oh ! manhood, could thy spirit kneel
Beside that sunny child,
As fondly pray, and purely feel,
With soul as undefiled—

That moment would encircle thee
With light and love divine ;
Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
And heaven itself be thine !

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Wilham, when a girl, into your home and
heart,

To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part ;

And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,

Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in
woe ?

No : I would rather share *your* tear than any other's glee,

For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the
world to me.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a
throne,

There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your
tone ;

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow
dim,

I cry, " Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on
him ;

Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and
soul ;

Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make
him whole !"

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
That it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel
no wrong :

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind ;
I ask not for attire more gay,—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs be-
stow,

Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not some-
thing know ?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for
me,

Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.

If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think when you're
away,

Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your
stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious
hours,

And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers :

And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind
your mind.

“The above admirable lines, by an American lady, a
member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the

Sunday Times. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener in the United States, and that it had not only won him from the noisy tap-room to his own domestic hearth, but that the judicious distribution of this poem in the proper *locales* did real good, for the argument was understood, and went home to the hearts of every tippling American who either heard or read it."

THE NEGRO'S REFLECTION.

JOHN JONES. FROM "HOME, AND OTHER POEMS," 1841.

HAS the white man, whom our vigour
Daily keeps in pomp and state,
Aught beyond his pride and rigour,
To confirm him truly great ?

O, that I could see some wonder
Done by this pretended god !
Can he wake the sleeping thunder,
Or restrain it with his nod ?

Can his voice control the ocean,
When huge billows lash the strand ?—
When hills tremble with commotion,
Will they cease at his command ?

When the face of morn is bright'ning
Can he quench you fiery star ?—
Can his arm arrest the lightning
Can it check the ædrial war ?

Would the flames or waters spare him,
More than Afric's sable crew ?—
Would the lion pause to tear him,
Though he boast a whiter hue ?

Is he never prone to sickness,—
Does he claim no soothing care ?
Is his soul exempt from weakness,—
Dwells no imperfection there ?

Does he not, like Negroes, startle
At the awful frown of death ?—
Is his body found immortal,—
Does it not resign its breath ?

Yes ! he's frail as those he urges !—
Men, who to his yoke conform,
Rouse !—remember when he scourges,
That he's but a fellow-worm !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

JOHN MALCOLM, FROM "THE BUCCANEER AND OTHER
POEMS," 1824.

He's gone ! the glorious spirit's fled !
The minstrel's strains are hush'd and o'er,
And lowly lies the mighty dead
Upon a far and foreign shore.
Still as the harp o'er Babel's streams,
For ever hangs his tuneful lyre,
And he, with all his glowing dreams,
Quench'd like a meteor's fire !

So sleeps the great, the young, the brave,
Of all beneath the circling sun,
A muffled shroud—a dungeon-grave—
To him—the Bard, remain alone.
So, genius, ends thy blazing reign—
So mute the music of the tongue,
Which pour'd but late the loftiest strain
That ever mortal sung.

Yet musing on his early doom,
Methinks for him no tears should be,

Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
The laurels of eternity.
But oh ! while glory gilds his sleep,
How shall the heart its loss forget ?
His very fame must bid it weep,
His praises wake regret.

His memory in the tears of Greece
Shall be enbalm'd for evermore,
And till her tale of troubles cease,
His spirit walk her silent shore.
There e'en the winds that wake in sighs,
Shall still seem whispering of his name ;
And lonely rocks and mountains rise
His monuments of fame.

But where is he ?—ye dead—ye dead,
How secret and how silent all !
No voice comes from the narrow bed—
No answer from the dreary pall.
It hath no tale of future trust,
No morning beam, no wakening eye,
It only speaks of “dust to dust,”
Of trees that fall—to lie.

“My bark is yet upon the shore,”
And thine is launched upon the sea,
Which eye of man may not explore,
Of fathomless Eternity !
Perchance, in some far-future land
We yet may meet—we yet may dwell ;
If not, from off this mortal strand,
Immortal, fare thee well !

BALLAD.

MRS. CHARLES GORE.

He said my brow was fair, 'tis true ;—
He said mine eye had stolen its blue
From yon ethereal vault above !
Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said my step was light, I own ;
He said my voice had won its tone
From some wild linnet of the grove !
Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said my cheek look'd pale with thought,
He said my gentle looks had caught
Their modest softness from the dove !
Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said that bright with hopes divine
The heart should be to blend with mine :
Fix'd where no stormy passions move !
Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said—but wherefore should I tell
Those whisper'd words I loved so well?
Could I reject—could I reprove——
While still he never spake of love?

THE LOST BRIDE.

MRS. FLETCHER (MISS JEWSBURY).

BENEATH the Indian waters,
Where rocks of coral sleep,
One of the West's bright daughters
Is gone down to the deep.
For isles beyond the billow
She sail'd in bridal glee,
And now she makes her pillow
In cold caves of the sea.

The couch where she reposes
Is many a monster's lair;
And, for wreaths of summer roses,
The sea-weed wraps her hair!
Bright coral rocks are round her,
And where she sleeps are pearls;
But her mother, if she found her,
Would not know her raven curls.

Now other ships glide over,
Where one as strong went down,
Bearing many a youthful rover,
Who fear'd no tempest's frown ;
With gold and glad hearts laden,
A thousand barks may be,
Yet bear no brighter maiden
Than the one deep in the sea !

ON THE DEATH OF WEBER.

J. R. PLANCHE.

WEEP !—for the word is spoken,—
Mourn !—for the knell hath knoll'd :
The master chord is broken,
And the master hand is cold !
Romance hath lost her minstrel :
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter spell around
The legends of Ahnaine !

His fame had flown before him
To many a foreign land :
His lays were sung by every tongue,
And harp'd by every hand.

He came to cull fresh laurels,
But Fate was in their breath ;
And turn'd his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death !

O, all who knew him loved him !
For with his mighty mind
He bore himself so meekly—
His heart it was so kind !
His wildly-warbling melodies—
The storm that round them roll—
Are types of the simplicity
And grandeur of his soul !

Though years of ceaseless suffering
Had worn him to a shade,
So patient was his spirit,
No wayward plaint he made.
E'en Death himself seem'd loath to scare
His victim pure and mild,
And stole upon him gently,
As slumber o'er a child !
Weep !—for the word is spoken,—
Mourn !—for the knell hath knoll'd
The master chord is broken,
The master hand is cold !

YOUTH AND AGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. FROM "THE BILJOU," 1828.

VERSE, a breeze, mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clings feeding like a bee,
Both were mine ! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young !

When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then !
This house of clay not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along :
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wide or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely : Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? — Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one ;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size ;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought ; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave ;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

After the publication of "Youth and Age" in *The Bijou*, it was much altered and lengthened by the author. These improvements I have adopted from *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature*.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, BORN AT PORTLAND, IN
MAINE, JANUARY 20, 1807.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told;
It is very true—it is very true—
I'm old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on ' play on ! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

STANZAS.

FROM "POEMS," BY WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE: 1834.

AN angel in the realms of day
Forgot her heavenly birth,
Impell'd by Pity's gentle voice
To walk the suffering earth.

To pour a thousand streams of bliss,—
To still the weeping storm,—
To fill the world with light and love,—
She came in Harriet's form !

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

AWAY with all doubt and misgiving,
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No men can be caught by a look
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so a silly a thing.

NO more need we fly the bright glances,
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And love by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed;
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

THE first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.

Casualty finely expanding,
The largest I happen'd to see ;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature
As mild as an angel's appears ;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears :
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did lie !
(Though, perhaps, it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The *organ of speech* was in Fanny ;
I shudder'd, 'twas terribly strong !
Then fled, for I'd rather than any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turn'd my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me ;
How the look and the index could vary !
For nought but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, slyly betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying,
Thought I—she'll be never at home.
Oh ! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind ;
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind !

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls I believe,

To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive,
'Twould take a whole year to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head ;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

GOD BLESS YOU !

MRS. ELIZA S. CRAVEN GREEN.

“ God bless you ”—kind, familiar words !
Before my eyes the letters swim ;
For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—
My sight with fond regret grows dim.
God bless you ! closes up each page
Traced by the well-beloved of yore ;
Whose letters still, from youth to age,
That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,
The import of that yearning prayer ;
To me 'twas but a kindly phrase,
Which household love might freely spare.
But now that grief strange power affords,
In those love-hallow'd scrolls I find
Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,
With all life's tenderness entwined.

Now thou art gone, (ah ! dark above
 Thy gravestone floods the winter rain),
 And all the old, sweet household love,
 Fades into memory's silent pain.
 On earth for me no human heart,
 Again will breathe those words divine ;
 But, sainted soul ! where'er thou art,
 Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

SONG.

FROM LODER'S OPERA, "FRANCIS THE FIRST."

Oh ! the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt,
 Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,
 Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the
 page,
 Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age ;
 My heart, 'mid all changes wherever I roam,
 Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
 'Twas not that the proud or the noble were near ;
 O'er the porch the gay wild rose and woodbine entwined,
 And the sweet-scented jessamine waved in the wind ;
 Yet dearer to me than proud turret or dome
 Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it shall be,
And ne'er will I view, nor roam as a guest,
O'er the evergreen fields which my father possess'd .
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come,
Of the days that are pass'd, and the old house at home.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT, BORN AT SOUTHGATE, IN MIDDLESEX,
OCTOBER 19, 1784.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold :
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou ?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so ;”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “I pray, thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wiote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

DAVID HOLT. FROM "A LAY OF HERO WORSHIP, AND
OTHER POEMS," 1850.

DELUSIONS in the garb of truth,
Idealisms passing fair,
Dreams of the hopeful heart of youth,
Ye fairy Castles in the Air.

How bright and beautiful ye rise,
Full beaming on our youthful view,
In the glad light of sunny eyes,
Ever romantic, "ever new."

Ye are the freshness and the bloom
Of life, ere life is tinged with sorrow,
When there is not one thought of gloom
To cloud the prospect of to-morrow.

How fair to youth's glad eyes ye seem,
 Enchanted gardens, fairy bowers,
And ladies' eyes, that softly beam
 Through casements of the glittering towers

The sun of hope is o'er you playing,
 All blue and cloudless is your sky,
Fairies and nymphs are round you straying,
 And all is redolent of joy.

But the cold world its legions sends
 Of cares and toils and griefs and pains,
Before their power your beauty bends,
 Your ruins strew the ærial plains.

Ye pass away, ye pass away,
 Ye leave the spirit cold and dull,
And we look round with vain assay
 For visions of the beautiful.

And Time, stern Time's relentless hand,
 Desolates all your airy pride,
Like records written in the sand
 Erased by the advancing tide.

Some that it took long years to rear
 And beautify from moat to tower,
Are stripp'd of glory by a tear,
 And perish in a single hour.

Friendships, affections, early love,
 Pleasures and fancies bright and fair,
Too oft in time's progression prove
 But baseless castles in the air.

But hearts there are that still keep dreaming,
That still retain your sweet control,
That dwell as in a world of seeming,
In very ecstasy of soul :

Hearts that go dreaming on through life
Amid a cloud of fantasies,
Enduring much of pain and strife
By stumbling on realities.

Such hearts are few, yea, passing few,
These dreams in most with youth depart,
As the sun scorches up the dew,
Time dulls the freshness of the heart.

And manhood comes, and all are gone,
All wither'd by its grief and care ;
We look around, and see not one
Of youth's gay castles in the air.

And then a dreary blank succeeds,
And we feel lone and empty-hearted,
While the sad soul in secret bleeds
For fairy happiness departed.

At last there comes a calmer hour,
Again the spirit is employ'd,
Fantasy is replaced by Power,
And wisdom fills the mental void.

But "Life hath nothing half so sweet,"
And Life hath nothing half so fair,
In all the after joys we meet,
As Youth's bright Castles in the Air.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, BORN AT FIELD PLACE, SUSSEX,
AUGUST 4, 1792, DROWNED BY THE SINKING OF A
BOAT IN THE BAY OF SPEZIA, JULY 8, 1822.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle,—
Why not I with thine

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdain'd to kiss its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,—
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are past :
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been dedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long-past years ;
Their virtue love ; their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears ;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
My place with them will be ;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish with the dust.

“The above verses were communicated by the late Poet Laureate to Sir Egerton Brydges. They were intended to be interspersed, with others, in his ‘Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society ;’ but this design was abandoned, and they remain a fragment.”—*Scrap Book*.

THE ALBATROSS.

GEORGE WILKINSON

OH ! wild is the flight of the Albatross sailing
His range mid the skies, over mountain and wave,
Like a spirit immortal, his might never failing,
On wings of creation his God only gave :
Through the storm in its wildness,
The blackness of night,
Or the evening of mildness,
Unchanged is his flight ;
He rendeth or rides on the clouds through the air,
Like the Lord of that untrodden wilderness here.

Where the red sun is blazing his eye never quails,
Nor shrinks from the lightnings the earth that hath
 riven ;
And he minglcth the cry of his wrath as he sails
 With the thunders that roll through the arches of
 heaven ;
And the hope of the wayward
 For ever hath fled,
When he wails o'er the ocean
 His knell for the dead,
For the waves will not rest, or the wind soften down,
While there's fire in his eye, or fear in his frown.

Is there aught upon earth like the Albatross ?
 With a soul as free and fetterless, --
With a spirit as wild and unstain'd by the dross
 Of the world and its kindred wretchedness ?
 An eye never sleeping,
 Or dim'd by a tear,
 A heart never weeping,
 A breast without fear,
That would range from its earth-bed the deep vault which
 lies
'Neath the glory eternal, whose light never dies ?

Long life to his wide-spreading pinions be given !
 No bound ever cross him mid ocean and sky ;
Like the spirit of freedom descending from heaven,
 The soul that is noble responds to his cry.
 Will the blight of creation
 Ere fall on his plume ?

Will the wild breeze waft o'er him
The breath of the tomb ?
Will he die ? who shall not ? be the ocean his bed !
Where the Albatross sleepeth in peace with the dead.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

L. D. FROM "TAIT'S MAGAZINE."

HARD by the source of Avon,
When the great heart of June
Is full of blood, and beating
To Love's most loving tune.

A deafening shout of triumph
The atmosphere divides ;
And lo ! there come with Cromwell
Seven hundred "Ironsides."

No more about to-morrow
Is heard, in doubt and fear ;
The victory and the victor
Seem both already here.

That morrow with its sunshine
Upon two armies rose,

Whose pride lay quench'd and prostrate
In blood, before its close.

In vain impetuous Rupert
Broke wounded Ireton's wing ;
And vain all loyal valour
In presence of the king.

For outraged men had gather'd
Round England's boldest son—
The somewhat more than monarch,
The *man* of Huntingdon !

The son, an English mother
Might well be proud to bear,
Who fought the fight of freedom,
And conquer'd *every where*.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle ; dashed fiercely against the New-Model army, which he had despised, till then ; and saw himself shivered to ruin thereby. ' Prince Rupert, on the King's right, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him ;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged down-hill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the Association two days before. ' amid shouts from the whole army :' he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's Infantry a ruin ; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry ; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, ' broke all

asunder,'—never to re-assemble more. The chase went through Harborough ; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and gave the Roundheads battle.

The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the height still partly called Mill Hill, as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby ; the King's Army on a parallel Hill, its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them ; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor ; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds* ; some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to re-bury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world !—THOMAS CARLYLE.

TREES.

ANONYMOUS.

YE bless the earth with beauty. Laughs not spring
To see your emerald leaves peep from the night
Of their dark wintry cells, into the light
Of the warm gleaming sunshine? Trees, you bring,
Over the deserts of far seas, the wing
Of many a sweet-voiced bird, whose weary flight
From you, was taken ere the snow lay white
Upon your leafless branches. How they sing!
What gushes of delight they pour around,
When once again, within their summer home,
They smooth their ruffled plumage! Oft the sound
Of your green, murmuring boughs, the winds, that roam
The wide earth, love to wake My blessing be
On him who plants upon the earth a tree

THE MAN OF HEREAFTER.

PIERRE-JEAN DE BERANGER. TRANSLATED BY HENRY
GLASSFORD BELL. BERANGER WAS BORN IN PARIS,
AUGUST 19, 1780.

THEY'LL talk of his glory for many a day,
Our children will name him when we are away ;
No story but his will the cottage contain,
And the peasant will tell it again and again.
At night, round their grandame the young will be found—
“Speak of him,” they will say, “for there's joy in the
sound :

Speak of him, for you lived ere his bright star had set,
Aud, mother, his country is proud of him yet.”

“My children, he pass'd, many long years ago,
Through this village of ours :—twas a beautiful show
To see him surrounded by princes and kings,
Who were glad in those days to come under his wings ;
He wore a small hat and a mantle of gray,
And, seeing me gazing, he bade me ‘good day ;’—
I trembled—‘good day, my dear,’ said he again.
“He spoke to you, mother—he spoke to you, then ?”

“Next year ’twas my fortune at Paris to see
For him the whole nation hold gay jubilee ;
Heaven gave him a son, and he came forth elate
To pledge at the altar his son to the state ;
His queen, and his court, and all Europe were there,
And shouts of ‘ God bless him ! ’ made joyful the air ;
He bow’d to the people, and smiled to his queen”—
“ We envy you, mother, that day and that scene ! ”

“ But war came again, and our troops seem’d to yield,
Although he at their head, as of old, took the field ;
One night some one knock’d, and I open’d the door—
Holy saints ! ’twas himself who walk’d over the floor :
His escort was small—he seem’d troubled and worn,
But still on his brow there was triumph and scorn ;
He sat himself down in that old oaken chair”—
“ Ha ! mother, say on ! did the hero sit there ? ”

“ I am hungry ! ” he cried ; “ so the table I spread,
And gave all I had, some weak wine and brown bread ;
He dried his wet clothes, then grew drowsy and slept—
I sat in a corner the whole night and wept :
Starting up at the dawning, he call’d out—‘ Advance !
Under Paris we yet shall seek vengeance for France !
The cup that he drank from was homely and old’—
“ You still have it, mother—a relic worth gold ! ”

“ A relic, indeed ! But he went to his ruin. That crown
Which a pope had thrice bless’d, from his proud head fell
down :

Far away on a rock it was said that he died,
But France on her love and his greatness relied ;

For many a day we believed he would come—
 He was deep in our hearts—we were watchful and dumb ;
 But he never return'd, and our tears flow'd at last :—
 “ God blesses the tears, mother, shed for the past !”

MOONLIGHT.

ROBERT ROSE, A WEST INDIAN OF COLOUR, DIED JUNE
 19, 1849, AGED 43 YEARS.

Oh ! could I keep my spirits to this flow,
 And from the world and all its jar recede !
 The noisy revel, where danced smiling Woe,
 That made the hearts of Pleasure's victims bleed,
 Has vanish'd from the silent noon of night :
 And now I feel, beneath the placid moon,
 As if an angel would direct my flight
 Up to yon sparkling realms : and oh, how soon
 Each wayward passion-wave has sunk to rest,
 As if the time were come, when to yon home
 Hymns of enfranchised saints announced me blest,—
 As if, though not death-freed, there I might roam ;
 But no ! a thing of clay—the zephyrs near
 Remind my sense, my soul is prison'd here.

KING EDWARD.

ROBERT ROSE, THE BARD OF COLOUR. FROM THE
"MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

KING Edward march'd to Scotia bold,
In pomp and pride of war,
With banners to the wind unroll'd,
He moved,—a baleful star ;
And like a lion in his might,
He rush'd unto the deadly fight.

Great Solway's billows kiss'd his feet ;
The plumed troop around
Heard not its murmuring echoes sweet,
Drown'd in the battle's sound,
Amid the cannon's thundering din,
Where Death did the chief triumph win.

Hundreds of stern, courageous men
Gasp'd 'neath his iron sway ;
There, life's brief "three-score years and ten,"
Anticipated they,—
Biting the dust, mid parents' moans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' groans.

There he,—the valiant, great, and prond
King Edward found his grave,—
Thy sand, fair Solway, was his shroud,
His death-dirge sang thy wave.
One man's ambition slew an host,—
Oh, God !—yet *he* was mourn'd the *most*.

TO THE STORM.

ROBERT ROSE.

THOU mov'st while Nature rocks beneath thy sway,
All fetterless and furious on thy way ;
At the commotion of the boiling deep
The mariner from ocean-cradled sleep
Is startled, at the cold dark dead of night,
While far-off friends muse on him in affright ;
And yet hope cheers him on—stern joy is there,
The might of mountain-waves in wrath to care.
I pity more the wanderer, on shore,
Unfriended, shivering at the rich man's door,
Who hears the noise of merriment within,
Rivalling the storm unruly in its din ;
Who, in his wretchedness, no kind one nigh,
Groans in deep anguish, and then turns—to die.

MORNING.

ROBERT ROSE. FROM "THE CHAPLET," 1841.

WEeping in dew-drops for the sun's delay,
Mark yon fair flower reclining in the shade ;
But morn's waked eye-lids fling a lustre gay
O'er its coy beauty, type of modest maid.
Aurora trippeth o'er the velvet lawn,
To nature's God ascends the matin lay,
O'er verdant pastures speeds the playful fawn,
And gladly hails the mantling blush of day ;
Man is as joyous in hope's happy hour,
Ere furrow'd is his brow by care or age ;
His opening lot like yon fresh budding flower,
His fancies pictured on life's golden page :
Lo ! now the day-king moun's in glory bright,
And all things waking spring to life and light.

It is worthy of remark, that Robert Rose was the first, and for some time the only person, who bought a copy of "Festus," when that wonderful poem was published in Manchester. The printer of the book was a curious character, and when informed of the tardy sale, he sought out the purchaser, and congratulated him on his superior and *singular* taste.

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

REV. WILLIAM O. B. PEABODY, BORN AT EXETER, NEW
HAMPSHIRE, IN 1799.

AND this is death ? how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears ;
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus, grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn :
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies ;
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn ? That deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain ;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose ;
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the churchyard sod ;
'Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far,
The clouds of death and sorrow fly,
I see thee, like a new-born star,
Move up thy pathway in the sky :
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine ;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead ;

Thrice happy, that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin ;
And only breathed life's morning airs
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet.
But no ; that look is not the last ;
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell !

THE PILGRIM CHILD.

ANONYMOUS.

A STRANGER child, one winter eve,
Knock'd at a cottage maiden's door ;
“ A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark ! how the mountain-torrents roar ! ”
But ere the latch was raised, “ Forbear ! ”
Cried the pale parent from above ;
“ The Pilgrim child that's weeping there,
Is Love ! ”

The Spring tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whisper'd "Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was open'd wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above ;
And lo ! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love !

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours ;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth with corn, and fruit, and flowers
But why grew pale her cheek with grief ?
Why watch'd she the bright stars above ?
Some one had stolen her heart—the thief
Was Love !

And Winter came, and hopes and fears
Alternate swell'd her virgin breast ;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.
And often as she open'd the door,
Roar'd the wild torrent from above ;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love !

HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

HAD I the tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day ;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble ;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit, as well as I,
And take a jovial pot ;
For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then ?
Since god-like toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit—

Who envies him his wine?

While mortal fellowship and wit

Make whiskey more divine.

The above song, one almost worthy of Anacreon himself, is from Mr. Crofton Crokers, "Popular Songs of Ireland." It is the production of the late Richard Alfred Milliken, of Cork.

* * The following is the last verse of "The Bucket," omitted at page 103.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!

Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

MRS. HEMANS.

BLESSINGS be round it still !—that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain-glen !—old mossy trees
Narrow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms ;—yet not alone
For mansions lulling to the heart as these.
I bless thee midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer !
But for their sakes that unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean shore :
Oh ' may the fisher and the mountaineer
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore !

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. FROM THE "NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE."

THE deep affections of the breast,
That heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu !

For these he changed the smoke of turf—
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
H's golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold
 He lived and chatter'd many a day ;
 Until with age, from green and gold,
 His wings grew grey.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
 He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come
 To Mulla's shore.

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech ;
 The bird in Spanish speech replied ;
 Flapp'd round his cage with joyous speech,
 Dropp'd down and died.

This incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory, of association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. The author heard a many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

STANZAS.

JOHN KEATS, BORN IN LONDON, OCTOBER 29, 1795, DIED
 AT ROME, DECEMBER 27, 1820.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity :

The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle boy and girl !
But where there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS.

Written after hearing the church bells ring the Old Year's knell,
and the New Year's welcome.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT music wakes the midnight air ?
The voice of mirth—the tongue of prayer ;
What mean those sounds so blithely given ?
They speak of earth, remind of heaven.
They breathe the warning breathed of old
To thoughtless hearts now wrapp'd in mould ;
The truth, forgot as soon as told,
That time with life resistless flies—
Earth's meteor shooting to the skies !
They tell the tale that daunts the brave—
Another year salutes the grave ;
And youth and age, and hope and fear,
Are crush'd, for death has triumph'd here.
Yet Joy laughs loudly o'er the bier,
And mocks the mourner and the tear :
“ Why do ye droop, by grief dismay'd ?
Come forth, the sun shall gild the shade

And hope reveal her beauteous form,
Bless'd rainbow of the mental storm ;
Why do ye weep for pleasures flown ?
Lo ! here I reign, and Joy's your own ;
Let music thrill through festive hall,
And fairy feet like whispers fall."
And why, in truth, should bright eyes weep
For treasures buried in the deep ?
Or why those earth-ties fruitless mourn
That never can to earth return ?
Thus reason's philosophic power
Would pluck the sting from sorrow's hour ;
Would banish with convincing tone,
The sigh that spring's unheard, unknown ;
But reason yields to nature's aim.
And thought to feeling's stronger claim.
Thus fitful, like some wandering bird,
Or whispering leaf, by soft winds stirr'd,
The Voice of Christmas will be heard.
Hail, misletoe ! bless'd emblem fair,
Thy presenee seals the death of care ;
How sweet thy fate, to charm the young,
And bloom an evergreen in song.
For, time long past, the druid bard
High held thee in his soul's regard ;
Still in our own more polish'd day,
Thou minglest with the poet's lay ;
And ages hence the minstrel choir
Shall laud thee with celestial fire,
Pure touchstone of the heart and lyre !
Yes, whilst the mind can deeply feel,
Thus will the harp deep thoughts reveal ;

Despite the change of scene or clime,
Despite thy envious touch, old Time.
Ye fairy elves, with gladsome brow,
Who trip it 'neath the sacred bough ;
Ye amorous youths, with graceful mien,
Who mingle in that sylph-like scene ;
May thus your hours, ye fair, ye brave,
Flow changeless as the ocean wave,
Nor catch one shadow from the grave !
But *should* you mark the *vacant* chair,
 And memory, battling with decay,
 Triumphing over death's stern sway,
Bring back some once-loved image there,—
Let not your bliss be dash'd with fear,
Nor dim your bright eyes with a tear ;
The dead beneath the crumbling mould,
Are stored like unforgotten gold ;
They wear, 'tis hoped, their heavenly gem,
And Christmas fondly speaks of them.
Whene'er my towering soul, at last,
From this frail tenement hath pass'd,
From time into eternity,
Say, Christmas, wilt thou speak of me ?

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